

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

"Now own up to me," demanded a bright and prosperous young lawyer the other day, "was that a real incident of yours or just a creation?" "What incident?" I asked. "Why, about the flirty young married woman?" "What do you think?" I asked—"you who should be able to tell the real thing from an imitation?" "It was too near nature to be imagined," he answered, "yet I thought perhaps a smart writer might be able to do it. Do you know that since last Wednesday I have had three agreements of separation to draw for young married couples," said he, "and I wondered if you could know so much about the mental processes of such litigants without ever having been in the swim as we fellows are." "Easily enough," I answered, "editors, like lawyers, are asked for opinions, only we don't get a fee."

"I suppose you know as much about it as I do, but the troubles caused by such behavior as you described are innumerable and I can point you out half-a-dozen men in Toronto who have been the means of breaking up homes and separating men from their belief in women, and who make it their business and pleasure to do so. The more honorable a man is and the greater regard he has for women either individually or as a class, the less skill he has in winning married women. When a scamp has once found the way to operate on the discontent and disquiet of a woman he can easily become expert but until then he can be repelled by a glance. Thank God I am a bachelor," he exclaimed, "and I shall never marry till I see a stronger streak of faithfulness in women than I have ever discovered."

So it goes! Every married woman who is unfaithful or a fool makes the position of her unmarried sister more difficult. Marital infidelity and folly may be only one per cent. in the whole class—I firmly believe it is not more—yet what disquiet and distrust they cause! I am not sorry I wrote the sketch but I am perhaps unconsciously weakened in my general belief in women by the many things it has caused me to hear. Let us have no more!—this I say to the two score correspondents who may be awaiting an answer from me. If there was a lesson in it, it has been learned. Why argue out that which is not a matter of logic but of what? At any rate not of logic.

The truth of the old saying that "The Lord only knows what a petty jury will do," and of the still more suggestive axiom that "Nothing is more uncertain than the verdict of a jury or the result of a horse race," was well exemplified in the breach of promise suit brought by Miss Livingstone, a Canadian, against Frank W. Knox, a wealthy old lawyer and ex-judge of Pennsylvania, in which she was awarded five thousand dollars damages. Breach of promise suits afford a great deal of gossip reading to the public and as a rule degrade our ideas of love and marriage by putting in an absurd light the sentimental things which lovers write, and by the placing of the marriage contract on the same basis with a horse trade or a real estate dicker. Marriages, it is said, are conceived in heaven and there was a general belief, and may be at the present time in the minds of those who have not read reports of divorce and breach-of-promise suits, in the sacredness of the idea of a man and woman deciding to devote themselves to one another unselfishly, lovingly until death shall them part. It is almost impossible for those who are not happily married—and heaven be thanked that there are many such—to believe that there is not in either one or the other contracting parties, if not in both, a sinister motive, a controlling impulse that certainly cannot claim heaven as its birthplace. The particular match under discussion instead of being born in the neighborhood of the Great White Throne, had its origin in a newspaper advertisement. The woman appears to have been young and cultured, the man old and rich. On her part confession was made of another lover. With regard to him, it would be a dull observer of marital phenomena as developed in the over-ripe suitor, who could not form a very correct estimate of his motives. Money, the love of which is claimed to be the root of so much evil, attracted her; youth, good looks, the faculty of being more or less entertaining and satisfying attracted him. Their conversations subsequent to the promise appear to have been unsatisfactory to him and though he appears to have behaved like a gentleman and to have given her a hundred and thirty dollars to purchase her trousseau, he felt unwilling to marry her and the suit resulting from an acquaintance which does not appear to have lasted quite a couple of days was for twenty-five thousand dollars damages. The defendant's attorney in summing up quite properly stated that "there are only two classes of cases of this kind that should be maintained in court. One was where a man had ruined the life of a girl under promise of marriage, and the other was where a young girl during the brighter part of her life had been constantly associated with a man with a natural belief and understanding that he was to marry her." As this case belonged to neither of these classes it is somewhat astonishing to find the jury awarding her such large damages, while it is evident to the reader of the newspaper reports that a heart could scarcely be considered in the arrangement and that the law does not permit us to view marriage or the promise of marriage as a financial speculation.

Without wishing to increase the cynicism which newspaper reports of such cases must cause, it might be well to examine for a moment the point of view from which twelve jurymen regarded marriage when a young woman engaged in a purely mercenary transaction was awarded such a large amount for breach of contract. Surely if those twelve jurors were married men their home life cannot be very happy or at least not of the ideal sort, if they suspect that when they mated the blushing bride which fell to them respectively was merely going through the form of making vows before God and man for the sordid purpose of obtaining a home and protection from scandal, cold and hunger. Yet it is not impossible to imagine that in each of those twelve cases that very condition of affairs may have existed. Girls seem to be brought up with the idea that they must marry, that love is delusive, that one man is as good as another on general principles except that the man who has means is a much more desirable investment than one who has not. After girls are old enough to wear long frocks astute mammas are continually directing their attention to the availability of this young man and to the undesirability of another. When they marry they go into a sort of a commercial partnership, sometimes with an unfortunate mental reservation which prevents the alliance from becoming anything more sacred than the engagement of a clerk or the hiring of a housekeeper. It cannot be denied that these marriages quite frequently appear to have been reasonably

riage is not regarded as a sacrament but as a civil contract. Much more astonishing, therefore, is a verdict in the United States in favor of a woman, for a large amount, who evidently entered into the most unsentimental and cold-blooded arrangement that a woman could make. Surely they could not have regarded breach of a civil contract, where damages were not proven, as a reason for mulcting a man for five thousand dollars, yet it is just as impossible to imagine the jury considering marriage as a sacrament when it was being entered into by the woman in the sordid spirit of one who was willing to become the companion of an aged stranger with nothing to recommend him to her except his wealth. It is to be hoped that sacraments have not degenerated to such a low place! Surely then it is not wonderful that nations ridding themselves of their illusions should have permitted their divorce laws to become lax and to allow the matrimonial contract to be annulled for purely personal and unscriptural reasons, such as incompatibility of temper, drunkenness, failure to support, etc. If it is a civil contract only, such laws are quite right. If it is a sacrament they are wrong. Thus we are left to face two very important questions: Scripturally, is marriage a sacrament, a sacred and indissoluble tie? Secondly, is it so regarded by those who enter into it, or is it merely regarded as a change of relation governed by no religious decree more binding or sacred than that which obtains in the partnership of Smith & Brown who agree

pass a rail. Now if the street cars came eastward along King it would bring shoppers to the stores, and if they returned westward along Adelaide it would only be a short block for homeward-bound people to walk. It would relieve King street of its present blockade, make it possible to have a good pavement there, and facilitate traffic incalculably. The two lines might join west of Spadina, but certainly in the central part of the city from Jarvis to Brock street the lines should be belted. With regard to Queen street the cars should run eastward to Jarvis on Queen and westward on Richmond street as far as is thought desirable. In this way good pavements would be possible on four streets which are likely to be utilised, store keepers would not be injured and Toronto would cease to be in the central portion of it almost impassable both on account of bad roadway and the numerous car rails.

All these things should be thought of before the contracts are let for paving the streets or an agreement is made for running the cars. Another important factor in the future of the street car service of Toronto will be electricity. This force is replacing horse power and cables and in a very few years in my opinion, and in the opinion of railway and street car companies, will be the chief motor of the time. Practical electricians are predicting that electricity will supersede steam locomotives and with between thirty and forty million dollars' worth of stock already invested in the promotion of electrical enterprises at Niagara Falls, we can readily

by way of Toronto. Almost any site in the center of Toronto would be suitable for a good hotel as it creates its own business and makes its locality popular. Undeniably business is going west, and a new hotel to make money would have to be an enterprise enhancing the value of the land surrounding it and thereby benefiting itself. This city is in a formative condition and knowing capitalists could make an enormous amount out of real estate by prudence in the selection of a site in the midst of large holdings of their own, and building there a hotel worthy of this city. The only fear is that there is so much rivalry on the part of those who are likely to be benefited that amongst many stools the whole scheme may fall to the ground.

By the way, if there is going to be an interval between the disposal of the franchise of the street railway and the end of the present contract, why should not the concern be managed in the interregnum by Mr. George Kiely and Secretary Gunn? Almost any reasonable salary could be earned by these two men who have been identified with the operation of the street cars for the last twenty odd years. If the city is to become temporarily or permanently the manager of the lines these practical men would be invaluable. I asked these questions in type before I heard that Secretary Gunn was to be temporarily in charge, and therefore I publish the balance of what I wrote. A great deal of credit was given to Superintendent Franklin as the one whose ability made the service so good. In reality the two men whose names I suggest are almost entirely deserving of the credit. Even temporarily the management of the street cars should not be put in the hands of an inexperienced person or such deterioration in the service and the plant would take place as to make it almost impossible to dispose of this most valuable of the city's assets at a proper figure. The workmen of Toronto would not consent to see Senator Smith or Mr. Franklin placed in charge, for they have a bitter memory of the hardness of both those men during the exciting period previous to and subsequent to the strike of the street car hands. If the advice of Mr. Kiely and Secretary Gunn had been followed at that time I imagine that the determination to displace the old company would not be so deep-seated as it now is, and nothing better could be done than to keep the whole affair out of the hands of ward politicians by giving the management of it to those who were so successful in the past. But chiefly give the whole thing to a company.

A good many months ago I wrote something about a general prejudice people have against public hospitals. There is an idea prevalent amongst the well to do as well as the ignorant that going to the hospital when one is sick is like being sent to the workhouse when one is old; that it betokens a poverty-stricken and friendless condition. The result of this foolish notion has been that sick people as a rule remain at home a tax upon their family, are left without good nursing and seldom supplied with anything better than mediocre medical advice. The wife or the mother tries to nurse the sick one but she has no training, but little strength, and except where many servants are kept, is distracted by household cares. If the illness is a long and painful one the strain upon the family is most severe even when a professional nurse is engaged, for that very important personage is often an additional burden upon the slender resources of the household. I often think that I should fear to be sick in this way lest even the loved ones and the loving ones might breathe a sigh of relief and amidst their tears unconsciously think that 'tis better the struggle is over, when I cease to live. Such a thought is more apt to come to the sufferer than to those who wait upon him or her, yet it is a bitter one and not conducive to the mental repose necessary to make recovery probable.

The communistic tendency of the age has done nothing more commendable than to provide proper hospitals for the sick. It has long been recognised that the sick and afflicted are a proper charge upon the healthy, as the poor are upon the wealthy and the prosperous. This does not mean financially alone, but also that it is a duty to the well that they individually be not too severely taxed in taking care of the infirm. To be the inmate of a hospital is no greater sign of pauperism or an unfriendly condition than it is to be the user of the post-office, for both institutions are designed for the use of rich and poor alike and those who take private apartments in a hospital show no greater signs of wealth or exclusiveness than those who put a register-stamp upon a letter; they but procure a legal additional security possible. We have a good general hospital in Toronto, probably the best in Canada; rich and poor alike use it. Together with all well regulated hospitals its death rate is fifteen or twenty per cent. lower than the death rate of those who are cared for in homes and private establishments, and this is not to be wondered at, for instead of having one physician it has many and the best medical skill that this city of doctors can afford can be procured by those solicitous for the welfare of a patient or is daily volunteered by those whose habit of study and investigation makes them willingly devote their services to the solving of intricate medical and surgical problems. Unlike private houses the building is designed for the sick, not for the well; nurses are constantly in attendance and receive such alert supervision that the neglect of a patient is almost impossible. The temperature, the bed, the bathing



CASTELBAU WIMPFER PODIELSKI VON MOLKE BISMARCK

AFTER SEDAN.

successful. Two people of opposite sex and reasonably good impulses living together, surrounded by the restraints of society and possessing the decent habits of proper early training, get so accustomed to one another that their material instincts and prospects assimilate to the extent of making a wide difference of conduct improbable. Yet it is rubbish to talk about such a match being made in heaven. That the woman takes proper care of her house and becomes a good helpmate to her husband, that the man lives peaceably, happily in his home is just as much of a habit as drinking tea or smoking tobacco. They get used to one another. He is lonesome and irritable if she is absent from the house just as he is lonesome and irritable if he cannot find his pipe. She is nervous and anxious if he does not come home at the usual time, for the same reason, in a more intensified form, that she would be nervous and unsettled without her cup of tea or that under any circumstances a meal must be kept waiting and dish-washing deferred. For the preservation of our home life it is well that these matrimonial habits have so strong a hold upon men and women.

It is a recognized fact that when these habits are broken up there is great danger of them never being resumed. For that reason people united by no stronger tie than habit and self-interest, whether that self-interest be physical, social or pecuniary, run great risks even when they are separated for a few months in the summer or for the longer period required for protracted travel. That direct predictions of disaster are so generally made when family habits are disturbed, is ample proof to me that unconsciously the vast majority of people recognize habit as being the basis of home life. Observing this we cannot wonder that in France and the United States, where illusions are most short-lived, mar-

riedly to run a bakery, butcher shop or boarding house. If marriages are made in heaven quite a large percentage of those unions consummated on earth under that name are bogus and cannot be recognized in the supreme court of the universe! If they are made on earth and are merely a matter of law and custom I am inclined to think that a divorce court is as badly needed with its facilities for undoing the knot as cheap licenses and the present facilities for tying it. No matter which contention is correct one thing is certain, the ideal marriage, the union of those who love each other and have sense enough to know what will promote their happiness should be encouraged, while the reputable but unsanctified commercial marriage should be made as disreputable as the keeping or frequenting of a brothel.

Various suggestions have been made as to the best method of arranging the street car business under a new management, whatever that may be. The idea of taking the car tracks away from King street would no doubt be resisted by all the shop keepers on that thoroughfare. Except in residential districts far removed from the center of the city a street car line is a very doubtful acquisition in front of one's door. It may bring business and it may not. One thing is certain, that a double line of tracks on a narrow roadway like King street entirely ruins it for carriage traffic. King street and the lower part of Queen are ruined by the four rails, which make it impossible to construct a good pavement. Without a car line or with two rails in the center of the street, asphalt can be laid with the proper convexity, carriages or drays can pass on either side of the rails; but with a double line both the coachman and the carter have to keep bumping backwards and forwards, straining the wheels of their vehicles at every attempt to

conceive that capitalists have faith in this new energy. If the Canadian scheme for utilizing the power of the Falls by building a canal to Queenston is a success, and public opinion seems to have decided that it will be, with a transmission company already in the field to bring that power to Toronto it would be very foolish to permanently pave any of the streets without taking into consideration the probability of electrical cars running at such a speed as to make streets on which these coaches run in opposite directions utterly impassable. High speed cars crossing and recrossing the corner of King and Yonge streets would make life and limb dangerous things to risk in such a locality. Indeed high speed cars would kill the prosperity of any street unless managed on the single track principle so that all vehicles might choose the avenue where cars would be going in one direction only. It is possible for an engineer to make traffic safe when every vehicle is going in the same direction as his motor, but in meeting them and passing them it would be impossible. Then if we are to have high speed we must have belt lines, and certainly the business people of this city are demanding and will be still more clamorous in their demands for more rapid transit. Now is the time to take all these things into consideration.

It is a pity that the idea of building a big hotel in Toronto lags to that extent that we have no definite promise of any company immediately taking hold of the enterprise. There is nothing that Toronto needs so greatly as an immense and first-class hotel. This city as a summer resort has been killed by its lack of proper hotel accommodation, though it must be admitted that the miserable service of the Richelieu Navigation Company has been a considerable factor in disgusting American tourists with a lake trip from Niagara to Montreal

and the food receive careful attention; foolish friends, indulgent attendants, faddists of all sorts are kept away from the bedside of the sick and the whims of the patient even are not permitted to retard recovery. The general hospital should be good enough for everybody, yet the poor when sick are sent home to their families as poor as themselves, where in cold houses, tired people sit up o' nights and try to minister to their wants. They bring greater misery upon themselves and upon the well than can be calculated and in such cases their recovery from dangerous diseases is exceedingly doubtful. Amongst those able to provide the best home nursing, which is usually not very good, there is just as strong a prejudice against the public hospital and if an operation is to be performed or extraordinary supervision is required, too many over-sensitive people insist on sending their friends to private institutions lest a removal from home may sound bad or some fool-acquaintance may spread the report that so-and-so was sent to the hospital because his or her friends were too selfish and unloving to take care of the sufferer. If it were not for this silly notion private institutions would scarcely ever have a patient. These reflections are given at this particular time because I have in my mind an example which for hard-heartedness and something verging on brutality I never heard equalled. The one guilty of this conduct, if my information be correct, is the keeper of a private sanitarium considerably patronized by those who are able or willing to pay a high price for the satisfaction of knowing that their sick are in a private institution and not "in the hospital."

We all like to see manifestations of that loving spirit which is willing to make sacrifices for those for whom they care, and I would write nothing about this matter were it not for the fact that this tenderness often leads people to make grave mistakes. Not very long ago a young man who is exceedingly well known and generally liked was confronted with the painful announcement that his wife had to undergo a serious operation. Accepting the best advice he could get, she was placed in a sanitarium or private hospital where everything conceivable in the way of comforts and proper attendance was placed at her disposal. The operation was performed and the husband, ever solicitous of the result, called many times a day. One evening at half-past nine the doctor whose enterprise I refer to stated that she was better than she had been since the operation. At midnight he called and the nurse told him that she was doing very nicely indeed and he need have no fear about going home and to sleep. At four o'clock the same morning he received a telephone message that she was dead, and almost immediately afterwards an undertaker called upon him with the startling information that he had removed the body from the infirmary to his shop on Yonge street. The distracted husband had not been communicated with though his house was in telephone connection with the private hospital. The undertaker said that he did all this doctor's business and "could provide as good a funeral as anybody." The husband demanded why he had taken the body away from the sanitarium. He said he had acted on the doctor's instructions and he reiterated the fact that "he attended to his work." Another undertaker was procured who had to rise from his bed and have his horses hitched up and a casket prepared, and yet the body of the poor unfortunate young woman was in her husband's home before she had been dead two hours. It is inconceivable that a physician should be so thoughtless of the natural affection of the friends of his patients as to almost dump the bodies of the dead into the street. Why did not a nurse or the doctor himself go and inform the husband whose residence was well known to them all? Why was not some tender care taken of the body of the dead that it should be hauled around in the night and placed on the table of an undertaker's shop before the husband was informed that the unexpected death had taken place? What dreadful thoughts it suggests to the afflicted mind of a husband, who may well wonder under such circumstances if there was even a kind hand to smooth the pillow of the dying or to straighten, into the rigid beauty of death, the form of the loved sufferer. Such a thing could not happen at a public institution for public opinion would drive from office every superintendent and official engaged in so cold-blooded a transaction. Over these private institutions public opinion has no authority and is disregarded except as popularity may bring money to its proprietor. There is no inspection, no resistance of the impulses which may make sordid all care of the living and beget an unfeeling disregard of the dead. The doctor's alleged explanation that he had to care for the living and prevent them being disturbed by the known presence of death is altogether insufficient, as the manner of the removal is so much more reprehensible than a simple demand made upon the friends of the dead for an immediate removal would have been. It might certainly be wise in an institution of that sort to prevent the presence of death being known, but to prevent it by such heartless means and without consulting with the friends of the deceased or offering them an opportunity of taking charge of the body must strike everyone as it struck me, as absolutely heartless.

If our hospital, which I believe to be one of the best if not the best in Canada, is not good enough, if it has not sufficient private wards or room enough to accommodate all those needing such attention as the unfortunate one was expected to receive in this private institution, it should be enlarged and made good enough. If people are too proud or too poorly informed to use it, while we may sympathize with their misfortunes we cannot but regret the existence of an unfounded prejudice which is every day to be blamed for sorrows such as the one I have described and for deaths which might be avoided. In the United States this prejudice has almost disappeared. We in Canada cannot too soon rid ourselves of it.

The past week or so has been one of unusual activity among "heretics," and oddly enough

the offenders are teachers of theology. Those who train young preachers are the ones now being brought to book for heterodox utterances! The Rev. Dr. Workman was transferred from the theological department of Victoria University because of his utterances on Messianic prophecy, it being held by his judges that his denial that Christ fulfilled prophecy, or rather that Hebrew prophecy pointed to Him, was sufficient to impair his usefulness as a theological instructor. This startling development at the headquarters of Canadian Methodism is followed by a still more disquieting affair in which the Rev. Dr. C. A. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, is the chief actor. An investigating committee was appointed to consider an inaugural address which Dr. Briggs delivered, and the majority of them find that his views are in direct conflict with the Confession of Faith. The chief complaint is made of the following paragraph, entitled Inerrancy.

Page 35, lines 4-16 inclusive: "I shall venture to affirm that, so far as I can see, there are errors in the Scriptures that no one has been able to explain away, and the theory that they were not in the original text is sheer assumption, upon which no mind can rest with certainty. If such errors destroy the authority of the Bible it is already destroyed for historians. Men cannot shut their eyes to truth and fact. But on what authority do these theologians drive men from the Bible by this theory of inerrancy? The Bible itself nowhere makes this claim. The creeds of the Church nowhere sanction it. It is a ghost of modern evangelism to frighten children."

The committee says:

The denial of inerrancy in the original text is regarded by your committee as conflicting irreconcilably with the Confession, chapter 1, section 1, which says:

"Therefore it pleased the Lord . . . to commit the same wholly unto writing." . . . Also with section 2 of the same chapter, which says: "Under the names of Holy Scripture, or the Word of God written, are now contained all the books of the Old and New Testament, which are these." (Here follows the complete list of books of the Old and New Testament.)

The report also attacks this statement:

The only sanctification known to experience, to Christian orthodoxy and to the Bible is progressive sanctification. The bugbear of a judgment immediately after death and the illusion of a magical transformation in the dying hour should be banished from the world.

Reminding them as hateful, unchristian errors, we look with hope and joy for the continuation of the processes of grace and the wonders of redemption.

The committee here says:

Your committee regard the statements made in these quotations as irreconcilable with the Confession, Chapter xxiii., Section 1, which says:

"The bodies of men after death return to dust and see corruption; but their souls (which neither die nor sleep) having an immortal subsistence, immediately return to the God who gave them."

The minority report upholds Dr. Briggs, though it is understood that only two of his conferees will sign it. One thing is significant, however, in the case of Dr. Workman on one hand and Dr. Briggs on the other, that they have not been incontinently bounced from their high office because they have dared to differ with orthodoxy. Church courts are recognizing the fact that the best brains and best oratory, as well as the most fervent zeal, have in times past been excluded from orthodox churches by investigating committees, so Dr. Workman is simply transferred to another department and Dr. Briggs will not appear before the New York Presbytery without having clerical friends in court.

The Methodist and Presbyterian brethren are not alone in their trouble. Rev. A. J. Bonnell, a popular Baptist parson of Rochester, in his sermon last Sunday declared his belief that there is nothing positive as to the authorship of the books of the Bible, that he did not believe St. Paul was inspired nor that Christ when on earth was conscious of being God. He advocated the expunging from the Bible those things which the crucible of investigation proved to be dross. Of course there was a scene in the church, but scenes in churches are not rare nowadays for in Hamilton, in orthodox Ontario, high church practices brought about a fracas no more respectable in its methods than a bar-room brawl, and those who read the daily newspapers are becoming well acquainted with performances of men who act in the sanctuary who they do in a wheat pit or at an auction sale. Taken together these things have great significance. Thought is attempting to liberalize Christianity, not to destroy it, and the most boisterous and probably the most unworthy of pew holders are the ones who object to a reconsideration of the creeds and interpretations of a century or two ago. No one is willing to admit that one hundred years ago, or two or three hundred years ago, men were wiser than they are now or brought greater ability to bear to the solution of great questions, and if this be admitted in other matters we would be absurdly conservative to deny it in theological affairs. However it may be denied, evidence is plentiful that churches and creeds are reconstructing themselves and those who are last to comply with the spiritual demands of humanity and pious reason as applied to interpretation of Holy Writ will be the first to be deserted by the thoughtful and sincere who, while loving God and seeking to keep His commandments, do not propose to have doctrinal absurdities thrust down their throat.

DON.

Social and Personal.

I have received an item signed "Sufferer" which belongs properly to the society column and which evoked my sincere sympathy and acquiescence. I give it just as it came to me. "At the service of song held in the Church of the Redeemer last Wednesday night, lovers of music were greatly annoyed by the senseless and continuous chatter of a party of three who occupied seats near the Bloor street entrance. They were well dressed but most decidedly ill-mannered. This is not their first offence! Now, I don't know who the naughty three were as, beyond a threat appended to the above item to make their names public if ever they do it again, the irate 'sufferer' gave me no information, but I am very sure that my correspondent is not the only one who has suffered from the ignorant and idiotic noodles who pay out good money to hear themselves chatter, when the world and they would be far better off if they would either remain at home or behave themselves when they join their neighbors abroad.

At the Vocal Society concert two callow

youths did their best by inane and vulgar conversation to destroy the efforts of my friends on the platform to entertain and edify me. At the Torrington Orchestra concert two more discussed their private affairs audibly behind my back, and though I was obliged to these latter for making me angry and so keeping my blood above freezing point—it was so cold in the Pavilion!—still, the principle holds good, that I didn't go to listen to them, and as they prevented me from listening to the musicians I have my grievance.

Apart from the ignorance and vulgarity and snobbishness of the people who don't know or won't know better than to thus victimize their neighbors, there is a thoughtlessness which is almost as hard to bear and which I hope was what actuated the naughty three in the Church of the Redeemer. This wall of the sufferer came in *apropos* after my little remark last week as to the possible accompaniments to a musical entertainment in a sacred edifice, and I am sure that the conduct of the naughty trio which would have been sufficiently blamable in any public entertainment, takes on a shade that is deeper and more serious because it was carried on under the roof of a house of worship. Without being fanatical or superstitious, may not one ask for some respect to these things as the mark of a refined and cultured mind and the sign of that consideration for others which is the hall-mark of true lady and gentlemanhood?

I must tell you a comical little *mot* I heard the other day. An ardent temperance worker who visits drunkards in their homes and endeavors to talk the alcohol out of their systems, was chidden by a society lady on her neglect of her social duties. "Well, I suppose I shall have to get drunk, then you'll come and see me!" she said desperately. I thought it was the most curious attraction I had ever heard held out as an inducement to an afternoon caller.

The Owls, who have met weekly through the past season for the improvement of their French conversational powers, are giving an At Home at the Art Gallery next Tuesday evening. Various attractions will combine to make the affair unique and successful. The reception will be informal, the room being arranged in imitation of a French *café*. The social little groups round the small tables and the programme of songs and dances dear to the people of the sunny land, will be reproduced and all promises to give this very bright and congenial club an evening of social enjoyment. Further particulars will appear next week.

Archdeacon Allen of Peterborough and Mrs. Allen are the guests of Mrs. Norman Allen, 108 Carlton street.

Mrs. Walter Barwick gave a tea on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Mackelcan. Among those present were Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. Mackelcan, the Misses Small, Bunting, Gildersleeve, Meers, Hall, Spratt and others. Mrs. Mackelcan sang delightfully with the uniform amiability which is one of her most potent charms.

I am informed by a correspondent that Lieut. D'Arcy MacMahon, who has been seriously ill, has since his return from Kingston improved so much under Dr. Strange's treatment that he hopes for a speedy complete recovery. His many friends will be glad to see him about again.

Mr. Cully Robertson has returned from his trip round the world and speaks in glowing terms of his season of travel. The curios and pretty things which Mr. Robertson has brought home speak just as forcibly of the young *voyageur's* taste and judgment.

The performance by the Sheridan Club has come too late for a notice in this column. I hope to give a notice of it next week. The opera house held as representative an assembly of Toronto's nice people as could be gotten together for any entertainment.

Miss Lillie Grant of Hamilton has been visiting Miss Ida Powell of Wellington place.

The annual meeting of the Rosedale Tennis Club was held last week. This club has been most successful during its first season. Mr. Charles Hirschfelder was elected president and Mr. P. T. Wilson vice-president. A large increase of lady members is looked for this season, when some interesting matches will be arranged. The secretary, H. M. Blackburn, 4 Wellington street west, invites challenges from other clubs.

Mr. and Mrs. Sladen (nee Miss Kathleen Hume Powell) of Edgewood, Ottawa, are visiting Mrs. Fitch of Atherley, Jarvis street.

Lawn tennis promises to be more popular than ever during the coming season. Play commenced on the Vantage tennis grounds, Nos. 24-38 College street, last Saturday afternoon, when quite a number of players turned out and thoroughly enjoyed the opening sets of the season. This club has decided to admit lady members, and Tuesdays and Fridays in each week have been specially allotted as their days. No doubt a large number of ladies will avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded.

Miss Bessie Manning, who has been the guest of Mrs. Stacy of College avenue, has returned to her home in Hamilton.

The Anti-Smoking Club met on Friday evening at the residence of Miss H. Nelson, 63 St. George street. The members are Miss H. Nelson, treasurer, Misses B. Thompson, Grace Carr, L. Robb, D. Bonnell, M. Christie, Louie Darling, the Misses Hamilton, Messrs. Samuel Sloan, Claude Walker, W. Darling, Willie Anderson, W. Fraser and the Messrs. Thompson.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood has been appointed Canadian representative of the A. R. C. etc., at the exhibition of the Art Association of Detroit.

Hon. Edward Blake has promised \$10,000 to the endowment fund of Wycliffe College if \$50,000 more is subscribed.

Mr. Harry Taylor, Ontario district deputy of

the Progressive Benefit Order, and wife, Cornamona, Haselton avenue, have gone to Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington to participate in the celebration of the anniversary of the order.

Mrs. Dr. Garrett visited Ottawa this week to sing at a concert.

Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Burns and Mr. W. F. Cowan have returned from British Columbia.

Mr. Thornton of the Dominion Bank is enjoying his holidays in the cities of the neighboring great republic.

Miss Snarr will sing at the reception of the French Club, Tuesday evening. The musical part of the evening's programme will be a treat, several esteemed amateurs having promised to contribute.

Last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Smith of Scott street received a number of friends at afternoon tea at her tastefully arranged rooms over the bank. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Sladen, Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. F. Leach, Mr. Hugh Leach, Capt. and Mrs. Robin, Lady Cartwright, Miss Madeline Meredith, Capt. and Mrs. Maull, the Misses Seymour, Mrs. Meredith, Miss Morna Meredith, Mrs. Armour, Miss Smith, Miss Powell and others.

A goodly crowd listened to Mr. Torrington's Orchestra on Tuesday evening. They were a sensible crowd too, for they didn't encore everything in the insane way our concert-going people are prone to do. Did you ever hear anything more perfect than the Handel Largo Movement? Its grave, sweet solemnity made me feel like going down on my knees.

Mr. Lacon of Sherbourne street left with his family on Thursday for his beautiful place on Lake Simcoe. He will remain there till August, after which he will sail for England and take up his residence permanently near Richmond on Thames.

Mrs. Walter Ridout has returned to her home at Colborne after a short visit to Toronto.

Mrs. Victor Armstrong has returned home from Europe much improved in health by her stay abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Davenport have returned to Toronto for the summer, after having passed the winter in Florida.

The marriage of Mr. Hollier of the Bank of Montreal and Miss Cassels is announced to take place some time in September.

Miss Simpson of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. Ince on Bloor street west.

The Governor-General and suite will arrive here on May 23, in order to be present at the races to be held at the Woodbine on the 25th inst.

The Toronto Cricket Club meet Rosedale this afternoon on their grounds at Bloor street. Improved accommodation in the way of seats &c. is being provided by the committees for the convenience of ladies and their escorts.

Mrs. Gibson of St. Albans street gave a ladies' tea last Wednesday afternoon which was largely attended by married ladies.

The friends of Mr. Kenneth Moffatt will regret to hear that he has been ill in New York. Later advices, however, point to an improvement in his health.

A Place for Him.

Tom—What has become of poor Harry's old boy—the one with the impediment in his speech? Couldn't understand a word he said. Remember him?
Jerry—Of course I do. He got a good position and is giving satisfaction.
"Is it possible? What can he do?"
"He's brakeman on a passenger train."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

An Elastic Word.

In courting days 'twas dearest bliss
Upon that lake to go;
This loving pair then oft enjoyed
A most delightful row.

In wedlock bonds they're linked for life
This loving pair, and now
The neighbors say they oft enjoy
A most delightful row. —Puck.

In the Merry Month of May.

Mr. Norris (with decision)—I am going to put on my light underclothes this morning.
Mrs. Norris (with fine prudence)—Then, Thomas, you'd better carry your thick ones over your arm, you'll need them before night.

The Finishing Touch.

Contract Builder—Got that house done?
Assistant—Yes, just finished it.
Builder—All right. Now measure it and see if it's in accordance with the architect's plans.

In No Danger.

Caller—Doesn't it worry you to think of your daughter on the ocean?
Old Lady—Land sakes, no. She can swim.

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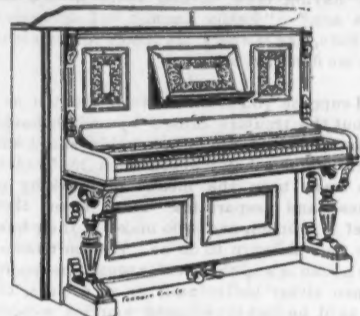
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Between You and Me.



It stood before a locked door—my friend and I—and turned the handle and twisted the key and shook the door, and stooping down

peered into the dark key-hole; but the door was fast and we stood outside. In beyond the door was the rest, the comfort, the goodies we longed for, but we could not get in! And suddenly my friend cried, with a little uneasy, deprecating laugh: "Perhaps you've got the wrong key!" and on hastily scanning my pendant bunch, I had.

And this little incident set me thinking of and wondering, as I often find myself doing, at the unapproachable people one runs foul of in this little world, and how we twist and turn the lock of their hearts and cannot open it, and we blame them and turn away disgusted or impatient, while all the time it is only that we are trying with the wrong key! And I looked over my bunch of heart openers and I saw in my fancy the divers and curious shapes of them, and I put it down on my memory tablets. "Be patient, Lady Gay! and before you give up winning your way into any locked up nature, try every one of those keys."

There is one golden key that fits so many locks, and I believe it is usually called Sympathy. It is wonderful how it slides and turns round in the great iron key-hole in the strong box of the man of affairs and the ornamental lock of the pearl and silver jewel case in my lady's heart, with equal ease and surety! Sometimes the sunlight of laughter glints on its bright wards; sometimes they go in warm and we with tears, but the tears never rust and the glint never dims and the doors swing gladly open every time. There is a sturdy, plain, iron key, few of wards and strong of handle. It is too large and too heavy for many a hand to turn, that can manage the dainty, golden tool; but it opens a lock or breaks it—no half way and stick fast about that key, and its name is Truth.

There are keys of brass and filigree carvings that need a deal of rubbing and polishing lest they corrode and tarnish, and smell and look unsightly, and perhaps the one that opens the most locks in the whole bunch is Flattery. Sometimes, however, it slips in confidently enough, and lo! at the first turn it warps and bends and breaks against the stern insight of the uncompromising lock which its wards do not fit. No key needs so much repairing and rubbing up and care in inserting and turning as this ornamental and showy key of Flattery.

I have received several replies to the request made in the society column last week, that ladies learning to ride the wheel and desiring to become members of a Ladies' Bicycle Club would send me their names and addresses. I have also received some letters which have amused me very much from ladies who don't want to ride, never could ride if they tried, and for whom my worst and best wish is that they may some day be tempted to. For it is not all eliding and poetry of motion and graceful curves and happy hilarity I can assure you, and the girl who rides and rides well has needed some determination and judgment and patience, the last two of which trinity of virtues are sadly lacking in some females, my corresponding obstructionist for instance.

"I hope I shall never see any woman I care for astride a wheel," writes one in excited ignorance. Dear madame, I hope not either, because the dear creature could not get into that uncomfortable position by any fair means and indeed, in woman's present garb, I don't see how she could by any means! I wonder what that good lady's idea of a Lady's Safety Wheel is! Something like that of the artist in the May number of a leading New York magazine, who illustrates the legend Lady's Safety Bicycle by a cut of a Man's Columbia Wheel with an impossible bar and an altogether incomprehensible gear generally. And I am almost ashamed to be amused at the ignorance of my fervent correspondent when I gaze upon the illustration on which, perhaps, she formed her singular idea.

To those of my sisters who have sent me their names as riders or would-be riders, I can say confidently that they have chosen the good part and that cycle riding is not only pleasant but beneficial. Several letters from physicians have appeared in the papers strongly recommending the wheel as a cure for languor, nervousness and all the evils that can be cured by fresh air, gentle exercise, exhilarating motion and the happy sense of doing a good thing and doing it well. And the low comfortable saddle, the gentle graceful pedaling, the light hands on the bar, the upright figure, the neat costume, make together such a pleasing picture as would, I



am sure, not make less dear to her friends the "woman they cared for."

There are dozens of half-alive, languid, miserable girls in Toronto, scores of women who have with years accumulated more than wisdom, and whose accumulations have become burdensome to them, who could find the cure of all their woes on the tiny leather saddle. And to those who will try this pleasant medicine I am told to say that a competent wheelist will undertake their initiation, in classes of four, providing a wheel, until they are proficient enough to go it alone, and whose address and terms I will be glad to forward to any wishing to take evening lessons.

Have any of my sisters been reading Marion Harland's article in the *Harper's Bazar* about the twenty-fifth anniversary of the great woman's club in New York, the Sorosis? Marion Harland is one of the completest women I know. She writes, she cooks, she rears her bright family, she ornaments her house, she studies and she plays, with a hearty sincere energy which is like a sea breeze. She is homely enough, and it was a great shock to me to see her, for I had imagined her very lovely and tall and graceful, and I do delight in beautiful women. She says a funny little thing in her essay which I shall give you to think over.

"If the mission of the woman's club were nothing more than to set misplaced candles in the right sockets, it would deserve the thanks of the century."

The vision which arose in my mind of candles in the *wrong* sockets, guttering, smoking, wasting their substance and spoiling everything in their vicinity with soot and melting grease, was so like some people I knew that I laughed long over it.

The Sorosis Club is a moneyed institution whose members give diamond trophies to their retiring president, and their president is a typical American woman with a flow of the largest language I ever encountered, who accepted, analyzed, spiritualized and browbeat those poor diamonds in an access of florid and far-fetched eloquence that sounds little less than ridiculous in cold type, but being delivered with the grace and benignity and matronly charm that encircles those delightful New York women like a halo, it was doubtless intelligible and altogether lovely.

LADY GAY.

Love's Awaiting.

For Saturday Night.

The babbling brooklet is calling
Merrily, sweetheart, to thee,
And it's sun-drenched waters are dancing
In wildest, happiest glee.

Its moss-beds are cool and inviting,
Set in violets, white and blue,
With dewdrops sheening and shining—
A couch, my darling, for you.

Wild roses for pinkiest splendor
Are yielding their fragrance for thee.
All Nature in daintiest languor
Lies swooning in rapt ecstasy.

Sweetest heart, sweetest heart, Wherefore art thou?
For all the land and the sea,
Is decked in the sheenest splendor,
Awaiting thy coming to me.

R.

A Terrible Fellow.

Penelope (proudly)—I want to marry a man who will be my master.
Dickey—Weally, I think I am just the one, my dear, in fact I know it. You weally ought to see me manage my valet. I am actually brutal to the poor fellow, don't you know.—*Munsey's.*

Well Schooled.

Army Officer—A war with some foreign power would be a great thing for us regular officers.
City Girl—But just think of the hardships that you would experience.
Army Officer—O, they would be nothing. I've been living on a lieutenant's pay for nine years.—*Munsey's.*

Not the Climate.

It is an odd thing that the temperate zone contains the hardest drinkers on the face of this earth.

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Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

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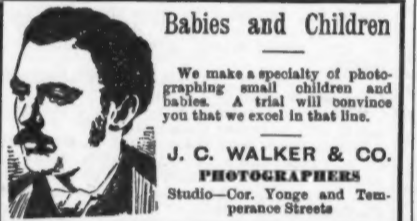
Balbriggan Hose, three pairs for 50c.
Balbriggan Hose, three pairs for 60c.
Balbriggan Hose, three pairs for 75c.
Black Cashmere Hose, 25c.
Black Cashmere, full fashioned, three pairs 85c.
Black Stainless Hose, 10c.
Men's Knitted Socks, 10c.
Men's Knitted Socks, three pairs 25c.
Men's Merino Socks, 20c.

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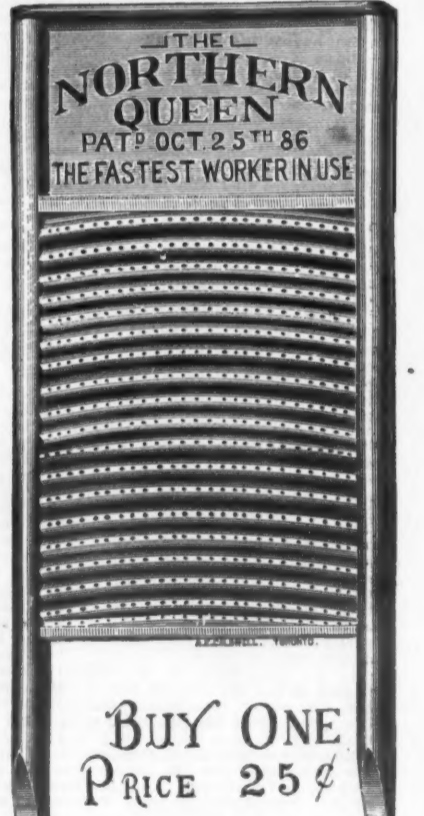
Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them

in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.

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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER XXV.

"SINO WHILE HE MAY, MAN HATH NO LONG DELIGHT."

Gerard and his companion started for the south in the train to leave at Charing Cross early in the forenoon. A sunlit passage across the channel, a day of clear smoking and newspaper reading, and brief intermittent slumbers, into which they sank, not from sleepiness but from sheer weariness and vacuity; an evening at piquet played under the vacillating light of a couple of reading lamps, while the train rushed southward; and then a long weary night in which the same rushing sound, the same incessant oscillation mixed itself with every dream, while now and again the sudden thunder of a passing train startled the dreamer with some hideous image conjured instantaneously out of the distorted dream world.

Gerard's spirits had been wild and fitful all through the long day and evening, now breaking out into gaiety, anon sinking into gloom. His strongest feeling was a sense of relief. He had escaped, set himself free from a life that had been gradually growing abhorrent to him. He had escaped from the house of melancholy, from the atmosphere of undying remorse. Most of all, he had escaped from him—that living spectre, the dismal simulacrum of humanity, the perpetual reminder of old age, disease, and death—the mindless automaton whose vicinity made life hideous.

"If duty is more to her than love she must find happiness in doing her duty," he said to himself again and again, while his thoughts and fancies set themselves to the rhythmic beat of the engine, audible above the rush of the train. "She must find happiness—doing her duty." With every third these common-places words repeated themselves.

He had done his duty by her, he told himself. He had given her the option and she had decided. Her lover or her father. She had chosen to stand by the father. He had needed, in opposition to all reason she had sacrificed herself to the father whose only claim upon her love at the best had been a father's name. She had chosen.

Yes, he had done his duty. He had seen his flight from England had been easier as he was to plunge into new scenes, to wash the bitter taste of memory out of his mouth with the waters of novelty, he had taken every step necessary to ensure Hester Davenport's material prosperity. His last act before leaving London had been to execute the deed which provided for her. She would be a rich woman all the days of her life—a very rich woman—able to enjoy all that wealth can offer of splendor, luxury, variety, the world's esteem, long after he would be inured in bronze or marble, a handful of mindless dust. She had known the sharp sting of poverty all through the darkest years of her life, and he had been the better able to appreciate the unspeakable privileges of wealth. He told himself that he could afford to think of her without one remorseful pang; yet he did not so think in the enforced vacuity of long sleepless hours, cramped, with aching limbs in his narrow berth. The pale, pathetic face, the imploring eyes haunted him.

He thought of the infinite consolations of her life—a life not measured like his miserable existence, within the narrow limits of a year or two. If she was alone now, alone with that dead phantasm of mindless humanity, she would have a new companion every very long the sweetest, tenderest companion woman's life can know—the child who in every attribute recalls all that was best and dearest in the father.

"If I had stayed with her to the end our parting must have come all the same," he told himself, "and why should I sacrifice my poor remnant of life to the horror of an association that agonizes me? One little year, perhaps, at the best. Only a year. Am I a wretch because I try to make the most of it?"

He looked at Justin Jermyn sleeping on the other side of the carriage, the image of placid repose, his breathing as regular as an infant's, his complexion delicately fair in the lamplight, his parted lips rose as the lips of a child.

"There is enjoyment of life," mused Gerard, "and yet I don't believe that man ever had an unselfish thought, or would hesitate at the commission of a crime, if crime would make life pleasanter to him."

He remembered how Jermyn had pushed him on to the alliance with Hester, and how Jermyn had urged him to sever the tie directly it became irksome—a man who perhaps had done very little evil on his own account, who had neither robbed the widow or orphan nor murdered his friend, but who went the whole giving evil advice lightly, with a graceful carelessness, a perpetual happy-go-lucky air which minimized the wrongfulness in every transaction, and made so airy a jest of virtue that vice seemed as a trifle.

When a man has fled from his beliefs to absolute materialism, when he says of that microcosm, himself, "Thou art as the beasts that perish," it becomes very hard to define vice and virtue.

In the gray dawn of the March morning Gerard envied his Mentor that childlike slumber, that perfect complacency and content with life. And then what physical advantages the man had! Lungs sound as a bell; muscles which no exercise could tire—on the river, in the gymnasium, on the tennis court or golf links alike invincible. Yes, that was the glory of life—a mind without sense of good and evil; a body endowed with health and strength, and with the promise of long life in every organ and every limb. Better than millions; better than that plethora of gold which seemed a mockery to the man whose days were numbered.

Gerard pondered on the months that he had wasted in the cottage by the river, living as a man might live whose income was under a thousand a year; he who had the spending of nearly a hundred thousand in the twelve months if he chose; he whose duty it was to know himself doomed to early death, to riot in gold, to wallow in the waters of Paeonius, to melt pearls of price in his wine, to achieve some mad extravagance—some folly which should be remembered when he was dust—at most every day of his life.

For fame he had done nothing. Granted that he had furnished a house which in every detail testified to lavish wealth and original taste, but to do the wool-growers of Australia and the petroleum merchants of America do as much as that? Clever as he fancied himself, he had made no name. He had patronized some rising artists, eccentrics of the French and Belgian schools, had bought statues, and had given exorbitant sums for carriage horses which he rode so seldom that every ride had been a narrow escape of sudden death. No, he had done very little with his money, he who when penniless had pondered so often on the potentialities of wealth and the poor use that the average millionaire makes of his golden opportunities! He, Gerard Hillersdon, man of the world, thinker, dreamer, fully abreast with all the newest ideas, felt that his career up to this point had been a failure. And the time that remained to him for achievement was so short, so short! He was oppressed by a sense of hurry, an eagerness to enjoy, which kept his

blood at fever point. How slow was this so-called express; how uncomfortable this train de luxe!

While the glamor of a passionate love had lasted that tranquil existence by the river had been perfect happiness, but now, by a strange perversion of mind, he looked back upon the placid monotony of those days with a feeling that was near akin to disgust. It was not that he could contemplate Hester's image without tenderness, but between the fair young face and his picture of the Rosary there came an image of horror—the face and form of the man whose shattered brain was in some wise his work. He forgot all that he had enjoyed of exquisite bliss—the dual joys of a supreme and unselfish love—in the nearer memory of that one hideous night, in the painful associations of that after time when Hester's hand had been divided between love and duty.

No train could travel fast enough to carry him away from those memories. They were at Monte Carlo in the golden light of afternoon. Only yesterday they had breakfasted at the London Metropole in the gray gloom of a March morning. To-day they were taking afternoon-tea on a wide balcony overlooking the sunlit Mediterranean. Monsieur's promontory, with its twin towers, and all theatrical gardens and turrets, postcard pinnacles, trim terraces, steps and balustrades of Monte Carlo.

They were to stay here for a few days, as long as the place amused them, and then they were to go to Florence, rapidly or by easy stages, as the spirit might lead them. Jermyn's spirits were too equable to be brightened by the change from London grayness to this fairy-land of Europe, but he flung back his head with a gay laugh, and sniffed the balmy air with sensuous appreciation.

"What a noble man your doctor was to send you to the sunny south," he exclaimed, "and what a sensible man you were to invite me to be your traveling companion."

"I should have been bored to death if I had come alone," answered Gerard, laughingly, "and I really think you are the one man whose society suits me best—though I need the most despicable opinion of your morals."

"My dear Hillersdon, I never set up for having any morals. I don't know what morals mean. There are certain things that I wouldn't do, because no man can do them and hold his head up in society. I wouldn't cheat at cards, for instance, or open another man's letters. Between men there is a kind of honesty which must be observed, or society couldn't hold together. Between men and women: well, I think you must have found out long before you met me that the weaker sex is outside the law of honor, and that a man who would rather perish than falsify his score at whist or cards thinks it a bagatelle to trick a woman out of her reputation. Yet, after all, in the net result of life I believe women have the best of it; and for every one whom we lead astray there are two who fatten upon our destruction, a fact which you may see exemplified in this charming place."

They were at a brand new hotel, a white-walled palace built on a height commanding sea and shore. La Condamine lay in a sunny hollow below them, a concatenation of white villas and red-roofed mansions, but conies and trellises brimming over with flowers, the rich purple masses of the Bougainvillea conspicuous above all the rest, hedges of geranium, an avalanche of azaleas pouring down the hill to the lapis blue of the sea. The hotel was so new that it seemed to have been built and furnished expressly for Mr. Hillersdon's occupation. The courtly manager assured him that the suite of rooms reserved for him had never been inhabited. They were on the second floor, and consisted of ante-room, saloon and dining-room, bedrooms and bathroom, all upholstered in blue and green, with very green and green, with artistic touches of orange, red and gold, and there, to accentuate the prevailing coolness. A marble loggia extended the whole length of the windows, and in this balmy atmosphere of an Italian springtime the loggia was the most delightful spot in which to live.

Gerard and his companion strolled down the rooms after their eight o'clock dinner. The season was nearly over, and there was ample space for moving about in the gaudy mauresque rooms, under the vivid light concentrated on the green cloth; but the players gathered thickly round the tables, and there were plenty of people in the *trente et quarante* tables, a higher class perhaps than are to be found in the height of the season, when the idle and the curious surge in and out and peer and saunter to the annoyance of the players who mean business and nothing else.

For Gerard's accession to fortune, play had but little charm. While he was still poor he had hankered after the feverish delights of the baccarat table and had frequented clubs where play ran high, venturing small stakes, where when smallest were more than they could afford to lose; but now that loss or gain signified nothing to him he needed some stimulus from without to give a flavor to play.

He found that stimulus in the very atmosphere of the *trente et quarante* room, where some of the handsomest women and some of the quickest wits were to be seen. He strolled round the tables and observed him as he leaned forward to deposit his stake. He played very carefully, sometimes letting his winnings lie on the table till they were trebled and quadrupled before the inexorable rake swept them away, sometimes betting aside his gains in a little heap of gold and notes which he needed some stimulus from without to give a flavor to play. His careless nods, his sharp sudden handshakes indicated considerable intimacy with those of the players by whom he was greeted. The beautiful women smiled at him with an air of patronage, and he was equally patronizing to the keen-eyed men. A little ripple of low laughter, a flutter of whiskeys went round the table, and Gerard, who was the authoritative hush of the dealer.

Gerard after playing languidly for half an hour, pocketed his little heap of gold—the notes being re-absorbed by the man at the bank, and gave himself up to observation of the players. How beautiful some of those faces were—and most of them how wicked! Here the bright black eyes and tilted nose of the arch and subreptitious type, there a Roman profile, with eyes, hair like Erebus, and there again a Saxon beauty with milk skin, pale eyes and yellow hair. They all hailed from Paris these syrens, Lutetia being the paradise and happy hunting ground of their kind; but they were of various nationalities, including a hard-eyed and hair-headed Englishwoman with a plain face and a perfect figure, in a perfectly fitting tailor gown, severe and uncompromising amongst the sumptuous demi-toilettes of sister syrens. This lady was reputed to be richer than any other of the feminine gamblers, and was further reported to have refused her hand in marriage to a British Duke. But there was one face at the *trente et quarante* table which interested Gerard Hillersdon more than all this cosmopolitan beauty, the one only face which wore the typical expression of the gambler, a face haggard with intensity, patched and worn with inward fever. It was the face of a small elderly woman who sat at the end of the table near the dealer, and from time to time consulted a perforated card upon which she marked the progress of

the game; a small face, with delicate aquiline features, thin lips and auburn hair slightly silvered. This was that in the careless, careless, the shabby little black lace hat of a fashion of four or five years ago, the Spanish lace shawl hanging in slovenly folds over one shoulder, ragged and rusty with long wear, the greasy black silk gown which told of womanhood that had done with all womanly graces and the shabby little black lace hat of a fashion of four or five years ago, the Spanish lace shawl hanging in slovenly folds over one shoulder, ragged and rusty with long wear, the greasy black silk gown which told of womanhood that had done with all womanly graces and the shabby little black lace hat of a fashion of four or five years ago, the Spanish lace shawl hanging in slovenly folds over one shoulder, ragged and rusty with long wear, the greasy black silk gown which told of womanhood that had done with all womanly graces and the shabby little black lace hat of a fashion of four or five years ago, the Spanish lace shawl hanging in slovenly folds over one shoulder, ragged and rusty 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ing in the Roman Campagna, and loud in his denunciation of the part-mutual system. Her bad luck continued. Stake after stake—ventures which had dwindled to the minimum morsel of gold—were swept away by the inexorable rake, until she sat with clasped hands, watching and not playing, too well known an *habitué* to be asked to make way for the players. The officials knew her ways, and that after sitting statue-like during two or three deals she would rise slowly, as one awakening from a painful dream, and walk quietly away—to re-appear the following night with money obtained none knew how.

Gerard felt in his breast pocket for a bundle of notes, and went round the table towards the back of the lady's chair, intending to push the money quietly into her hand, and to vanish before she had recovered from her surprise at his action; but his intention was frustrated, for as his hand brushed against her shoulders she started up suddenly as if she had been stung, and turned upon him with eyes that burnt like twin coals of fire in her pallid face. The rapidity of her movement and that burning gaze startled him, and he drew back in confusion.

The lady advanced upon him as he retreated, until they were at some distance from the tables, away from the glare of the lamps. Then she stopped, fixing him with her fiery eyes.

"You do not appear to be an ardent gambler, Monsieur," she said.

"No, madame, I am not a gambler. *Trente et quarante* is utterly without interest for me."

"Why then do you haunt these rooms?"

"I come to observe others and to be amused."

"Amused by evil passions which you do not share, amused by the miseries of humanity. Do you not know that your presence here is odious, that your glances, bring misfortune wherever they rest?"

"I do not know why that should be. I have no malicious intention. I am only a looker on."

"So is death a looker on at the game of life, knowing that sooner or later he must win. Your presence here is fatal, for there is death in your face; and since this room was not built for idle observers, but for business-like players, I believe you will be doing everybody a favor by absconding yourself in future."

I have expressed the desire of the whole assembly."

She made him a sweeping courtesy, drew her ragged lace shawl about her shoulders and passed him on her way to the door. He stood with his pocket of notes still in his hand, looking after her dumbly.

Yet one more voice to remind him of approaching doom.

(To be Continued.)

The Reporter's Life is Not a Happy One.



Eastern Newspaper Correspondent.—What are the chances, chief? Is there going to be another Indian outbreak during the—



Citizen—Take off yer hat, there, when you're talkin' to the only lady in town!—Puck.

Don'ts for Amateur Writers.

Don't send your photograph to the editor with your manuscript.

Don't send references as to character from your pastor or from any one else.

Don't tell him what "competent critics" have said about your work.

Don't try to see the editor personally.

Don't roll your manuscripts, and don't tie them up with a blue ribbon, or with a ribbon of any kind.

Don't give the editor an epitome of your private and domestic affairs, together with an account of the circumstances under which you happen to be writing.

Don't ask the editor his opinion of your work. In most cases you would not want to know it, even if he were willing to tell it to you.

Don't send to the editor a saucy letter if he returns your manuscript. Let the matter end right there so far as that editor is concerned.

Don't commit the awful folly of writing and accusing him of favoritism in the acceptance of manuscripts.

Don't ask for the return of your manuscript without enclosing stamps for that purpose.

Don't sew the pages of your manuscript together. Few editors can forgive an offence of this kind.

Don't write an almost unintelligible hand under the impression that writing of this sort is an indication of genius. Writing manifests itself in other ways.

Don't quote too much. It indicates a good deal of vacuum where your own ideas should be.

Don't punctuate too painfully, particularly if you know nothing about this art, and be cautious and sparing in the use of quotation marks and underscoring words.

Don't tell the editor that you are a subscriber to his "valuable magazine" or paper, thereby implying that you have a claim of him.

Don't tell him in one line that you have "long admired" his own work and in the next ask him to accept some of your own.

In most cases, don't write at all. Learn a trade, or become a farmer, or go west, or do something more likely to secure you a livelihood.—The Writer.

No Niggers Need Apply.

What is fame after all? Henry M. Stanley's little Zambesi boy Sardi was kicked downstairs by one of the ushers at a California theater on account of his color. The California evidently do not want any *Umslopogus* in theirs.

Signs of the Times.

Sharp—Renthause is going to move again.
Flat—How do you know?
Sharp—He's using up the back steps for kindling.—Judge.

Buried Alive.

The guests filed slowly into the great dining-hall of the hotel and sat down at their places. The waiters began their serving quite leisurely in order to give the belated ones time to arrive and to save themselves the trouble of bringing back the dishes; the old bachelors, the *habitués*, with whom the season was far advanced, kept an alert watch upon the door each time it was opened, hoping for the appearance of fresh faces.

That is the chief distraction of watering-places. We go to dinner to inspect the daily arrivals, to wonder who they are, what they do, and what they think. A restless desire takes possession of us, a longing for pleasant adventures, for friendly acquaintances, for lovers, perhaps. In this elbow-to-elbow sort of life our unknown neighbors assume extreme importance. Curiosity is aroused, sympathy is on the alert, and the social instinct is active.

We have hatreds for a week and friendships for a month; we view men with other eyes, through the special optics of a watering-place acquaintance. Suddenly, during an hour's talk after dinner under the trees in the park, where bubbles up a healing spring, we discover men of superior intelligence and surprising merit, and a month later we have completely forgotten these new friends so charming at first sight.

There also, more quickly than anywhere else, are formed grave and lasting ties. We see each other every day, know each other very soon, and in the affection that springs up is mingled something of the sweet abandon of old intimates. Later on tender recollections are cherished of the first hours of friendship, of the first communion in which the soul was brought to light, of the first looks that questioned and responded to the interrogatories and secret thoughts the lips had not yet uttered, of the first cordial confidence, and that charming sensation of opening one's heart to some one who also seems to lay bare his own to you.

Then, too, the very dullness, the monotony of days exactly alike, hourly renders more complete the unfolding of friendship's flower.

That evening then, as every evening, we awaited the entrance of unfamiliar faces.

There came only two, but very strange ones, those of a man and a woman—father and daughter. They reminded me at once of some of Edgar Poe's characters; and yet there was an attraction about them, an unpleasant attraction; set them down as the victims of some fatality. The gentleman was very tall and spare, slightly bent, with hair quite white, too white for his still young countenance; there was in his carriage and about his person the serious air of austerity that bespeaks the Puritan. The daughter was, perhaps, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. She was small and emaciated, and her exceedingly pale face wore a languid, spiritless expression. We sometimes encounter people who appear too weak for the cares and demands of life, too feeble to move, to do the things we must do every day. This girl was pretty, with the transparent beauty of an apparition; she ate with extreme slowness, as if she were almost incapable of moving her arms.

It was she undoubtedly who came for the benefit of the waters.

They happened to be opposite me, on the other side of the table; and I immediately noticed that the father had a very singular nervous affliction.

Whenever he was about to reach for anything his hand, with a quick jerk, described a sort of fluttering zigzag before he was able to touch what he was after. In a few moments this motion annoyed me so much that I turned away my head in order not to see him.

I also observed that the young girl kept a glove on her left hand while she ate.

After dinner I went out to take a turn in the park belonging to the water-cure establishment. It extended to the little station of Auvergne, Chatelet Guyon, hidden in a deep gorge at the foot of a high mountain, from which ran so many bubbling springs hot from the deep furnace of old volcanoes. Over there, beyond us, the domes, extinct craters, raised their mutilated heads above the long chain. Chatelet Guyon begins the land of Domes.

Beyond the Domes are two distinct regions, the one of needle-like peaks and the other of abrupt, precipitous mountains.

The Puy de Dome is the highest of the craters, the Pic du Sancy the most elevated of the peaks, and the Plomb du Cantel is the greatest of the last type of mountains.

It was very warm that evening. I was walking back and forth in the shady path listening to the music pouring forth from the casino on a mound that overlooked the park.

I perceived the father and daughter coming toward me with slow steps. I saluted them as, in watering places, one salutes his hotel companions. The gentleman, stopping immediately, inquired of me:

"Pardon me, sir, may I ask if you can direct us to a short walk, easy and pretty, if possible?"

I offered to conduct them myself to the valley through which the slender river flows—a deep, narrow gorge between two great declivities, rocky and wooded.

They accepted.

And naturally enough we spoke of the virtue of the mineral waters.

"Ah, yes," said he, "my daughter has a strange malady, the seat of which her physicians are unable to determine. She suffers from incomprehensible nervous symptoms. Sometimes they think her afflicted with heart disease, sometimes with liver complaint, and sometimes with spinal difficulty. All these they attribute to the stomach, which is the great motor and prime regulator of the body, this Proteus-like malady of a thousand forms, a thousand modes of attack. That is why we are here. In my case, it is very sad."

That reminded me immediately of the violent jerking of his hand, and I asked:

"But is that not hereditary? Are not your own nerves a little affected?"

Tranquilly he answered:

"Mine? Oh, no; I have always possessed very calm nerves."

Then suddenly, after a pause, he remarked: "Ah, yes! You refer to the action of my hand whenever I reach for an object? That is the result of a terrible shock I once had. Imagine, sir, this child has been buried alive!"

I could find nothing to say, except "Ah!" with emotion and surprise.

He went on: "Here is the story. It is simple. Juliette had for some time seemed subject to disordered action of the heart. We were sure she suffered from some disease of this organ and expected the worst."

"One day she was brought in lifeless—dead. She had fallen dead while walking in the garden. The physician issued a certificate of death. I watched beside her for a day and two nights. I myself placed her in the coffin, which I followed to the cemetery where she was laid in the family vault. It was in the country, in Lorraine."

"I had wished that she should be buried with her jewels, bracelets, necklaces, rings, all the presents that I had given her, and her first ball dress."

"You can imagine the state of my heart on returning home. She was all I had, my wife having been dead for many years. Stunned and half mad, I shut myself alone in my room and fell into an arm-chair, almost senseless, unable to move. I was merely a wretched, breathing wreck."

"My old valet, Prosper, who had helped me place Juliette in her coffin and lay her away for her last rest, entered noiselessly and asked: 'Monsieur, will you not eat something?' I shook my head, without speaking."

"He persisted: 'Monsieur is wrong. This will make him ill. Would monsieur like me to put him in bed?' I answered: 'No; let me alone.' And he withdrew."

"How many hours may have passed I know not. Oh! what a night! What a night! It was cold; my fire had burned out in the great fire-place; and the wind, a wintry gale, charged with icy frost, was howling without and rapping at my windows with a peculiar sinister sound."

"Long hours rolled away. I sat there, wide awake, prostrated and overwhelmed; my eyes were open, but my body was nerveless, dead, and my soul engulfed in despair. Suddenly the great hall-bell rang out."

"I gave such a start that my chair creaked under me. The slow, solemn sound vibrated in the empty house, looked to see the hour by the clock. It was two in the morning. Who could be coming at such an hour?"

"And abruptly the bell rang twice again. The servants certainly would not dare answer it. I took a candle and descended. I was alone in the hall."

"Who is there?"

"Then, ashamed of this weakness, I slowly drew back the heavy bolts. My heart throbbed; I was afraid. I opened the door brusquely and descried in the gloom a shape like a phantom dressed in white."

"I recoiled, impotent with anguish, and stammered: 'Who—who—who are you?'"

"A voice answered: 'It is I, father.'"

"It was my daughter."

"Really, I thought myself mad; and I shrank away, retreating backward before the spectre as it entered, gesticulating with my hand as if to ward off the apparition. That gesture has never left me."

"The phantom spoke again: 'Have no fear, papa; I was not dead. Some one has stolen my rings and has cut off my finger; the blood began to flow, and that has revived me.'"

"And I observed, then, that she was covered with blood."

"I fell to my knees, gasping, sobbing hysterically."

"I soon as I had partly recovered my senses, so dazed still that I hardly comprehended the terrible happiness that had come to me, I made her go up to my room and placed her in my arm-chair, then I rang sharply for Prosper that he might rekindle the fire, prepare a warm drink for her and summon a physician."

"The man entered, gazed at my daughter, opened his mouth with a spasm of fright and horror, then fell on his back, stark dead."

"It was he who had opened the vault, who had mutilated and then abandoned my child, for he could not efface traces of his robbery; he had not even taken pains to place the coffin back in its case, certain, moreover of not being suspected by me, who trusted him fully."

"You see, monsieur, that we are very unfortunate people."

"He was silent."

"Night had come on, shrouding with its gloom the sad and solitary little vale, and a kind of mysterious dread seized me at finding myself alone with these uncanny beings—this corpse come to life and this father with his appalling gestures."

"I could find nothing to say, but stammered: 'What a horrible thing!'"

"Then, after a while, I added: 'Let us return! The night has grown chill.'"

"And we walked back toward the hotel.—Translated from the French of *Mauspassant* by Anna Blakeman Jones."

For Nervous Diseases.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. F. G. Kelly, Alderton, W. T., says: "I have prescribed it in a large number of cases of restlessness at night, and nervous diseases generally, and also in cases of indigestion caused by lack of sufficient gastric juice of the stomach, with marked success, and consider it one of the best remedies known to the professional world."

It Depends on the Child.

A man down East has invented a washing machine, the motive power of which is a swing in which a child is placed. The child swings to and fro, and the motion causes the machine to

run, with the result that the family washing is done up in good shape. As long as the child does not know that it is doing any work, it would seem that this would be a good scheme; but those who are familiar with the nature of children, will readily see that as soon as the child finds out that the swing is connected with a washing machine, it will suddenly take a strong dislike to the amusement of swinging and get out of it by some excuse or another.—*Peck's Sun*.

Agent C. P. R.

Mr. F. M. Upton, agent C. P. R., Toronto, Ont., says: "My wife suffered severely from an attack of rheumatism when I was induced to give St. Jacobs Oil a trial, with the happiest results. I can confidently recommend your invaluable remedy as a sure cure for this disease." It is the best.

Public Works.

American Taxpayer (travelling in Egypt).—What earthly use were all these monstrous pyramids? Why did the Egyptian governments build them? That's what I can't understand. American Statesman (after reflection).—Mebby there wor a divvy in 'em.—*N.Y. Weekly*.

Her Arithmetic.

Mr. Cornob—Now, Marier, why will you keep a-talkin' agin' terbacker? Why, there's old Peter Flaxseed, mos' ninety, and has allus smoked like a ham house.

Mrs. Cornob—Humph! He might a bin a hundred by this time if he hadn't.—*Judge*.

For the Queen of the May.

"Where was you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-Maying, sir," she said. "Vell, I haf here der finest remedy in der world for coughs and colds, only ten cent. Vont you take one?"—*Puck*.

No Need to Interfere.

Excited lady.—Why don't you interfere to stop that dog fight?

Bystander.—I was just a goin' to, mum; but you kin calm y'r fears now. My dog is on top at last, mum.



Sarah Bernhardt as Theodora.

THE DIVINE SARAH

WRITES A LETTER.

DEAR MADAM.—The Recamier Preparations are the perfection of toilet articles. Please send me without fail, to-morrow, two dozen assorted for immediate use.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

To Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

RECAMIER CREAM is used daily by every fashionable woman and prominent actress all over the world. It is the only known preparation whose merits are attested to by physicians. It will preserve your youth, remove all blemishes, and not only make but keep your face smooth and fair.

Price \$1.50 per Jar

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices.

D. GRANT & CO.

Will offer over one hundred

PATTERN BONNETS AND HATS

At \$5, worth from \$10 to \$15. Also the contents of 50 cases

Summer Novelties in Millinery

10 cases New Sateen Foulards and Delaines and Trimmings

Artistic Dressmaking at low prices. See our pure Black Silks at \$1

D. GRANT & CO., 206 and 208 Yonge St.

We have just received a number of

Sole Leather Trunks, Portmanteaus and Valises

both our own make and imported, that are of superior quality and finish, combined with exceedingly low price for the quality of the goods.

Any of our customers requiring such goods, we will feel great pleasure in showing our stock to them.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

105 King Street West, Toronto.

Some Advice to Amateur Photographers.

If you would succeed in your experiments let everything you use be the best of its kind. A poor camera-box and a weak lens will not give good results.

Have the dark room and everything in it in perfect order.

Use great care in every part of the process. Carelessness never succeeds.

Do not be satisfied with any kind of an impression because some ignorant person has told you that you are doing splendidly.

If you are anxious to excel in photography learn to develop the negative and to print from it. Do not carry your plates to a professional to develop and print them for you. If you do how much of the picture is of your own execution? Anybody can put a plate in a camera and expose it.

Do not attempt portraits of friends; they will find fault with them and laugh at you. Your sitter will not like his expression and will say it is your fault.

Use your plates to make landscapes or views. Do everything deliberately.

Do not neglect to dust the plate before inserting it in the slide or the picture will be spoiled by dust-spots.

Learn to use a reliable plate and do not change.

Use one formula for a developer and keep on doing so until you are master of it.

Master the difficulties and don't get discouraged.—A. Bogardus, in *Lippincott's*.

All The Latest Improvements.

"I wonder if Shakespeare would have modified any of his plays if he had lived until today."

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Nelly—I don't see how we can ever get over it. May—I do—but I hope no one else will.—*Puck*.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

MUMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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An Etiquette-book Young Man.



THE young man designated by this title is often ambitious in other directions than purely social ones. If occasionally he is the inheritor of a fortune, more frequently his mental attainments or facility to get on in his chosen path of life, are his introductions to a higher grade of society than the one he originated from. Very likely he has brains as well as push, and a useful stock of learning at his fingers' ends. There are times, however, when he would willingly barter some of his business ability in exchange for the ease of yonder stupid young fellow, as he sees him enter a drawing-room and greet his hostess with the air of one "to the manor born."

He has discovered his deficiencies and would give a good deal to know what to do on those rather rare occasions when the doors of upper tendom are opened to him. He feels that he is awkward and is in agony lest by some slip of manner he may be deemed unworthy of any further invitations of the sort. It is of no use to ask advice on these matters from his own people; they are probably more ignorant than he is. He has too much pride to seek it from his better informed new acquaintances, so he surreptitiously buys a book on etiquette and studies it secretly with sometimes very extraordinary results.

The veriest chit of a debutante sees through the polish he musters by its aid, and laughs at the tell-tale over-politeness he assumes when following its rules. She cannot understand "why papa insists on asking the man to the house." It is in vain for her father to say "he is a fine, worthy young man." The young lady declares "Mr. Blank is odious." As, whatever his other faults are, he is not a fool, before long he discovers her opinion of him. Mortified and angry this sends him back to a further study of his book. He searches diligently to see in what way he fell short in politeness.

Ah, he's found out. He forgot to carry the young lady's shawl the Sunday he joined her on her way to church and he distinctly remembers turning his back on her mamma when he was leaving the room after making his party call. He resolves not to make those mistakes a second time.

The result is that on his next opportunity he insists on burdening himself with the wraps of the whole party and makes himself ridiculous by backing out of the room like a dancing master and upsetting a three-legged table that happens to be in his way.

He gets hot when he remembers the suppressed laughter of the girls. And so he blunders along, returning after every failure to his printed guide and mentor. Its hard and fast rules though numerous, are unadapted to meet his every day experiences, and but bewilder him.

He notices that slang is indulged in by people that are considered well-bred. His book says emphatically that "All slang is vulgar," and his faith in the perfect breeding of the people that are so slowly "taking him up" is shaken. Possibly, reasoning on the discrepancies he sees between their behavior and his rules of good manners, he arrives at the democratic and sensible deduction "that he is as good as they are," and that all these social lines and delicate distinctions are nonsense. In fact he's not at all sure that he isn't superior to these fellows who think so much of themselves. For instance, he would never dream of speaking to any lady as that dude Brown does to his feminine friends. It is a puzzle to him why his own labored compliments and elephantine politeness offend when Brown's unceremonious treatment passes muster. As far as he can see Brown doesn't know the meaning of respect to "the sex"; in his opinion he is but a contemptible specimen of manhood, but he is aware that he is in possession of the "open sesame" to many houses that exclude or at best give him but a grudging welcome. But his actions belie his thoughts. He notices that somehow or other people seem to take all sorts of impertinences from youngsters of Brown's sort in good part, while they meet his deferential familiarity (if one might use the expression) with a coldness that almost amounts to snubbing. If he attempts to imitate the former's ways and is a little jocular, he finds that he is treated with an icy shiver of disapproval. Plainly as he divines the effect he produces, he cannot make out where he is at fault. Afraid of being his natural self the conversational stilt he talks on hamper him horribly, and he knows he lacks the subtle but evasive something that marks a society man, but he hopes to hide that deficiency from other eyes. He knows that in following the lines laid down by his book he is but repeating a lesson by rote that is liable at any critical or unforeseen moment to slip his memory.

At last at an evening party he is once mistaken for a waiter!

He never fully recovers from the humiliating moment when another guest told him "to go and get a corker." The only consoling thing about the circumstance is, that he had

just sense enough to pretend he hadn't heard the order. He wonders if the fellow ever discovered his mistake and quakes with mortification as he fancies the story going the rounds of his new acquaintances. It is an endless satisfaction to his vanity when he hears that Fitzhugh, the smart Englishman society makes such a fuss over, had a similar experience, but all the etiquette books on earth wouldn't give him courage to tell the story as he did, as a good joke against himself. One cannot help pitying this social flounderer in his ill-directed efforts to adapt himself to the habits and ways of the people he is desirous of cultivating. One longs to whisper in his ear how much better it would be for him to seek out some well-bred old man and get him to coach him in the many little things he is ignorant of but which he can never learn from books. Small as these little things may seem to him, they have the power to bar him from the enjoyment of good society and throw into shadow the social value of his education and his mental gifts.

J. M. LOES.

Music.

On Thursday of last week the Ladies' Choral Club held its annual concert at Association Hall. The occasion was somewhat unique as the performers were all ladies, the conductress was a lady and the audience was mostly composed of ladies. The platform was beautifully decorated and for once its bareness was tastefully disguised. The audience was simply immense, every seat being occupied and the walls and passages being lined with unhappy wights who came too late to find resting places. The fifty odd pretty young ladies who form the club presented a most charming array when they entered and awaited the appearance of the fair conductress, Miss Hillary, one of our most popular vocal teachers. She showed an admirable control of her forces. The chorus sang exceedingly well, though a maidenly fluttering of nervousness was apparent in the earlier numbers of the programme. This occasionally affected both intonation and attack, but Miss Hillary's mastery (I hope I do not offend by using a masculine adjective) handling of her wand of office pulled them through in excellent style. The tone was in the main good and full, though a little wavering at first. As the evening wore on and as the incidental nervousness wore off, the voices became stronger and the singing more firm and spontaneous. The first piece on the programme, Penet's Daybreak was a clever four-part song, and was excellently sung, though showing the timidity of attack incidental to a first attempt.

Much better was Mendelssohn's three-part motette, O Praise the Lord, the voices already showing the encouragement of a sympathetic audience. The Swedish Wedding March was excellently sung, showing nice artistic phrasing and a very fair accentuation. The part-song, To the Sunshine, and a clever arrangement of Robin Adair by Mr. Arthur Fisher, Mus. Bac., were the next numbers by the club, and showed continued improvement. A more ambitious effort was the performance of Roedel's charming cantata, Westward Ho! by the chorus, the solos being sung by members of the club. These were Miss Hillary, Miss Brodie, Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Glass, Miss Archer and Miss Cavan. The club reached the height of its excellence in the rendition of this work which presented difficulties of no mean order. Mrs. Caldwell, the ever-popular, sang Synnove's Lied, a pretty Swedish song, and the Queen of the Night aria from the Magic Flute. Though only recovering from a severe illness, her voice showed few traces of indisposition and she sang the difficult aria with ease and brilliancy. Mrs. F. J. Moore of London gave a brilliant rendition of three piano pieces: Bach's Bourree, the Erl-King by Schubert-Heller, and a minuet of her own composition.

And now they are laughing at us over in England on account of our gullibility and the avidity with which we swallow the statements of interested parties regarding the standing "at home" of musical prodigies. Some time ago Mr. C. A. E. Harris of Montreal, organist and choirmaster and general entrepreneur of musical enterprises, announced here and in many other places the advent of Master Frederick Williams, in a manner that left no doubt in the minds of any one that the lad was the solo choir boy of Westminster Abbey. Advertisements and press notices all conveyed this impression and large audiences were drawn and lucrative contracts made on the strength of such publication. Now comes a London journal called the Musical News, and in its issue of April 10 publishes the following paragraph:

"A programme announcement has reached us from Toronto—an ominous place—in which a Mr. Williams, states, 'That by permission of the Vicar Choral of Westminster Abbey, the English Soprano Solo Boy, Master Frederick Williams, will make his first and only appearance at the Auditorium.' In another column Dr. Bridge states that this sham Westminster Choralist has no sort of connection with the Abbey choir. Our readers will laugh over the pompous announcement of 'the Vicar Choral.' Evidently the people who are running this 'English Soprano Boy' have got a very hazy idea as to this supposed English functionary; possibly they think he is the Musical Dean. We observe from the local journal that the English Soprano Boy has been holding a 'Reception,' at which the notabilities of the city (which owns a certain University) crowded round the gifted English Soprano Boy, no doubt to their own gratification and that of the lad's agent. In the programme of the concert that has reached our office the English Soprano Boy's name is printed in letters twice the size of those of the other performers. Perhaps that is only one of the funny ways they have at Toronto."

Further in the same issue appears the following letter from the organist of Westminster Abbey:

To the Editor of Musical News:
SIR,—Kindly allow me to say that the boy Williams who is now singing in Canada as a Westminster chorister never had any connection with the Abbey.

Yours very truly,

J. FREDERICK BRIDGE.

When I noticed this I was curious to see how Mr. C. A. E. Harris had exploited his young charge, and I looked up a circular he sent to Toronto about November last when he was endeavoring to sell the boy's concerts, and I find that it is headed: "Special en-

gagement—by permission of the Vicar Choral of Westminster Abbey—special engagement of the London Soprano Solo Boy, Master Frederick Williams, &c. &c., observed the suggestion! Now is not this ingenious if it fails to be ingenious? Throughout the lad's trip he was accepted as a Westminster Abbey chorister, a supposition that was tacitly admitted by Mr. C. A. E. Harris and yet it turns out that the boy never was connected with the Abbey choir! And if he was not so, what on earth had the "Vicar Choral of Westminster Abbey," Mr. William Sexton, to do with the matter in the way of giving permission? Altogether it looks as though our friend of the Musical News were quite justified in making merry over us. Perhaps Mr. C. A. E. Harris has some explanation to offer.

When the Musical News man speaks of the "funny ways" we have in Toronto, it may not seem out of place to point out to him that one of our "funny ways" here is to accept a man as a gentleman and a man of honor until we find him to be the opposite, and if a man comes to us from a neighboring city in which he holds a responsible and honorable position in a church, we take his word until it is disproved. Then we estimate him at his true worth. To quiet the apprehensions of those who are aware that Mr. C. A. E. Harris is also the manager of Mr. Charles Santley, it may not be out of place to say that the gentleman who sang with the Philharmonic Society on April 6 and 7 last, and who appears here again on Tuesday evening, is the true and original Charles Santley, England's great baritone, and that in this case, at all events, there is no deception.

At the annual general meeting of the Toronto Vocal Society, held in Harry Webb's parlors, Yonge street, to hear the committee's statement for the past year, after the general business of the society had been discussed and the names of new officers for the season of 1891 and '92 submitted and approved of by the members of the society, the president, Mr. George Musson, at the conclusion of a very complimentary and happy speech congratulating the society on the good work it had put in and the two high-class concerts which had been given, announced that the committee had unanimously decided to re-appoint Mr. W. Edgar Buck as their conductor for the coming season, being the seventh year of the society's existence. The announcement was received with hearty applause by all present. Mr. Buck then made a very happy speech in which he thanked the members for their constancy to the society, to which the roll-call book amply testified. He also announced his intended trip to Europe, saying that on his return in September he purposed bringing with him musical novelties suitable for the society's use. A hearty vote of thanks was also tendered to the accompanist, Miss Mockridge. After the business of the meeting had been concluded refreshments were partaken of, and the balance of the evening was pleasantly passed in songs, being sung by members of the society, and dancing. The officers of the society for the coming season are as follows: Patrons—Hon. Sir Alex. Campbell, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; The Right-Rev. The Lord Bishop of Toronto. Officers—Hon. President, J. K. Kerr, Q. C.; president, Geo. Musson; first vice-president, D. Kemp; second vice-president, J. Headley; secretary, J. N. Sutherland, (G. T. R.); assistant-secretary, R. Tinning Jr., (G. T. R.); librarian, M. J. McNamara. Committee—H. Bourlier, Wm. Fahey, A. W. Dodd, Mrs. Baker, W. S. Blake, A. Ross, Mrs. Clougher, Fraser Macdonald, Arthur White, D. Miller, Miss Schofield, Miss Gray, W. Edgar Buck, conductor.

The Torrington Orchestra closed its season on Tuesday evening with a very successful concert. Three overtures graced the programme, Leutner's Fest, Weber's Preciosa, and Mendelssohn's Ruy Blas. These offered a pleasing contrast in style and won hearty applause from the large audience, the first of course being best received owing to its bright character. The orchestra was made up to a force of fifty who gave an excellent account of themselves. The tone was good and clear, intonation very accurate and certain, attacks good and distinct, and a very fair amount of attention to light and shade. Gillet's Loin du Bal, as usual, was warmly received, and the two movements of Jadaschew's Serenade were excellently rendered, and Mrs. D'Erviux Smith's bright Wagoner waltz set many feet tapping with pleasurable excitement. A very pleasing incident in the programme was the performance by Mrs. and Miss Lina Adamson of a due concertant for violins with orchestral accompaniment by Kalliwoda. Mrs. Adamson's talent is so well known in Toronto as not to need any exploitation at this late day, but rather more than a passing word is due to the excellent work done by the younger lady, who has an exceedingly bright tone and very great executive ability. Continuation in her work and study ought to make Miss Adamson's future one that will bear following. Mrs. Maclean, as always, charmed with her beautiful voice and won the inevitable encores. Mr. Douglas Bird gave a very acceptable rendering of Adam's Star of Bethlehem. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. H. M. Blight, a sufficient guarantee of their excellence.

The friends of St. Ann's church, on Dufferin street, will give a concert on Thursday, May 23, at which a choice array of talent will appear. The novelty of Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Agnes Thomson appearing on the same programme ought of itself to draw a large house. The other ladies and gentlemen who will assist are Mrs. A. H. Garrett, Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. J. Bryce Mundle, Mr. H. M. Blight, Mr. J. F. Thomson and Mr. E. W. Phillips.

I see that my clever friend, Mr. Thomas Martin of London (the less) has been giving a recital of Chopin music in his city. He chose a programme of sufficient variety to show his versatility as well as his sympathy with this composer. He opened with the concerto in F minor, op. 21, the orchestral accompaniment being played on a second piano by Mr. Waldemar Bluestner. A tastefully selected list of minor pieces followed, closing

Under Green Apple Boughs.



with the Polonaise in A flat, op. 53. Mr. Martin played his whole programme from memory and displayed his excellent technique and artistic feeling to the utmost.

I believe that there will be quite an exodus of music lovers from the city next week to attend the musical festival at Buffalo, which begins on Wednesday.

Charles Santley's concert on Tuesday evening is the musical feature of next week and should draw forth a large audience. METRONOME.

The Drama.



I HAVE heard of a firm of Liquor manufacturers, who in advertising their wares named three grades—grade one, for inexperienced drinkers, amateurs in the art who would not know a good liquor from a bad one; grade two, for moderate drinkers; grade three, for well seasoned drinkers experienced in soak. Of a Parlor Match which Evans & Hoey performed at the Grand during the latter half of last week, the mildest that may be said of it is that it is not third grade. The play is said to be written by Chas. H. Hoyt, but I doubt if that prolific author would recognize the child of his imagination. The name is about all of it that remains in its original state. Messrs. Evans and Hoey follow the usual custom of dignifying their variety show with the name fancy comedy; an untruthful custom. Still, a variety show may be funny, and if one enjoys a hearty laugh he may have one at a Parlor Match. Messrs. Evans and Hoey have appeared in Toronto many times and their particular lines are familiar to most readers. They quite act up to their show bills. Messrs. Galloway and Sullivan were funny, but the rest of the male support seemed to have been recruited from Toronto's barber shops.

Of the female support Miss Thropp, the sourette, was sprightly but "couldn't sing a little bit." In her dancing she showed agility but no originality. The chief attraction in the much vaunted Levey sisters were their legs, which appeared to be lithe and supple. They played their mandolins fairly well, but in their singing were in the same predicament as Miss Thropp. The other ladies had neither good looks nor good voices.

The Sheridan Club last night performed On Guard, of which I will speak next week. TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Grant Stewart, the well known Torontonian, is at present playing in New York with Rosina Vokes. He is taking good parts in A Tinted Venus and Jerome K. Jerome's one act comedy, Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have revived in New York Pinero's two act comedy, The Money Spinner. This comedy was a favorite in the old Wallack days when Rose Coghlan took the leading part. The revival has been a success. They follow the comedy with They're Smith's Comedietta, A Happy Pair. In fact, short pieces seem to be very popular in New York this spring. In addition to Rosina Vokes with her well known repertoire, Arthur Dacre and his wife (Amy Roselle) follow the performance of Lady Barter at Palmer's with the little drama, Dream Faces.

The cheerful face of Herbert Sheppard will be missed from the box office of the Grand Opera House next season, as he takes charge of the Dr. Bill Comedy Company. Dr. Bill was produced in America for the first time at the Garden Theater, New York, where it made such a pronounced success that it was kept on over three months. It was then put on the road and has played to the largest receipts ever known for a comedy, its receipts at the Hollis street Theater, Boston, reaching nearly \$11,000. We hope that the same success will be meted out to it next season and that the young man will return to his native city laden with American dollars. At any rate, we cannot wish him a greater share of success than he deserves, as his uniform courtesy and attention have made him very popular with the patrons of the Grand.

Under Green Apple Boughs.

For Saturday Night.

I walk with thee beneath the fragrant trees,
And from their branches, white with apple blows,
I gaze upon thy cheek, that 'neath my glance,
Like blossoms, turns from white to ling'ring rose;
And gazing for a moment in thine eyes
I'm grave and silent, though I scarce know why,
And think I love the heaven's May-time hue
The more for that blue heaven of thine eye.
And then you smile again and the sun's rays
Seem kinder, more fraught with soft delight,
Because that lesser sunlight of thy smile
When turned on me 's so tender and so bright.

H. W. G.

A Song.

For Saturday Night.

There's a sunbeam on the river
Where it passes by a tree,
And a shadow in the sunbeam
Holds an image there for me.
And the shadow on the water,
Has a form I seem to know,
Of a face of gentle beauty
That departed long ago.
Then the ripple of the current,
As it passes by a stone,
Drives away the light and shadow
And once more I'm left alone.
But the pool beside the dead tree
Fascinates my vision more,
As I wander on the green bank
By the lightly pebbled shore.
And the face I see within it,
Comes and goes in fitful gleams,
Like the interrupted vision
Of the forms we see in dreams.
And this likeness that is blotted
By each onward, stealing wave,
Is of one who now is sleeping
In the shadow of the grave.
Yet still I love to wander
Where the waters softly flow,
And to see once more in visions
That sweet face of long ago.

PAULINE GRAYDON.

Nemesis.

For Saturday Night.

A butterfly fluttered on gauzy wing
Over a meadow green,
Under one hedge where our linnets sing
The hawthorn boughs between.
But a boy's swift feet had marked its way,
And soon it quivering, dying lay
In his wanton palm and beat away,
The down of its wings in a mimic rain.
And one day grew black,
And no bird sang
As he wandered back
With tears that sprang
For the life he could not give back again.
As man he looked into a sweet pure face
And lawless love grew strong,
As a torrent that roars in rapid race,
And life was sweet and long.
But his soul stole out from him unaware,
Snared perchance by her net brown hair,
When he knew not how from realms of care
Thought summoned the butterfly's dying pain.

Fair maid, sweet maid, pass on your way,
Though his heart be dead and for him no day
May dawn when his soul may win back again.

SAXE.

A Bunch of May Blossom.

For Saturday Night.

I walked through the lanes in the country,
On nature's green carpet so new;
Here and there grew a sweet little flower,
Whose leaves had been kissed by the dew.
I passed as I walked 'long the roadway
O'ershadowed with tall waving pines,
And I listened—the notes of the song birds
Recalled thoughts of far distant climes.
I plucked from a tree by a gateway
A branch of May blossom so white,
Beside bloomed a sweet little primrose
Whose petals unfold with the light.
But I could not—oh! that pretty wee flower,
With my blossoms I carried it home,
Away from its many companions
To my cot by the wild sea foam.

I gathered a fern by the wayside,
Little cornflowers, too, I espied,
So I plucked them, along with the others
So sweet did they look, side by side—
The May blossom next to the cornflower,
Then the pretty wee primrose and fern;
To complete the bouquet I sought grasses
Which grew on the bank of a burn.
I sauntered along with my flowers,
So pretty and innocent they;
While I gazed at the one and the other
I thought—Oh! how lovely is May!
I fastened them there with a ribbon
Which I took from my hair, (it was blue);
I carried them home, for 'twas evening,
And my flowers had been kissed by the dew.

ADA E. ANDREWS.

Noted People.

Adelaide Ristori is nearly seventy years old, but still preserves her clear voice and her erect figure. Her home is in Rome, Italy.

Mr. R. U. Johnson has been presented with a loving-cup of solid silver, in acknowledgment of his services to International copyright. The gift was from a number of publishers.

Rosa Bonheur's latest picture, *After the Storm* in the Highlands, was painted at Fontainebleau, from models and sketches made in Argyleshire, Scotland. Mlle. Bonheur is seventy-four years old.

The Prince of Wales was asked on one occasion who was the cleverest woman he had met, and he promptly answered, "My sister, the Empress Frederick."

At the time of President Lincoln's assassination, Rudini was mayor of Palermo, and by his order one of the streets of the town was named Lincoln, in the President's honor.

Miss Mary Helen Carlisle, a girl about twenty years old, has, for the third year in succession, been awarded the medal competed for by art students of both sexes at Julian's school in Paris, for the "Concours" drawings from life.

D'Ornon, the man who set out from Paris to walk on stilts to Moscow, did not go all the way. The police on the Russian frontier would not let him proceed. He is now with an ordinary circus in Prussia.

Mrs. Catherine Sharp of Philadelphia, now in her one hundred and fourteenth year, attributes her great longevity to the fact that she has made it the rule of her life to preserve a tranquil mind and never to become agitated.

Miss Edith M. Thomas, whose numerous and charming poems have brought her name so frequently and favorably before the public, has of late made her home on Staten Island, and assumed an assistant editorship of *St. Nicholas*.

Miss Nevins, a Brooklyn girl, earns a living by giving lessons in photography to men and women who wish to understand and use cameras for amateur or professional purposes. She also prints and mounts much of the work of her patrons and pupils, besides taking orders for photographic work from illustrated magazines, newspapers and architects.

Mrs. Louis Chandler Moulton numbers among her intimate friends in England the poetess Mrs. Arthur Tomson, better known to the reading public by her signature Graham R. Thomson. Mrs. Moulton will pass the summer abroad, and will make London her first tarrying place. In that city she has a large circle of literary and artistic friends.

The late Mrs. John B. Gough was her husband's second wife, having married him soon after his reformation. To her courage and assistance was due much of her husband's success, and she was an influence in the church and social life of Boylston, where she had lived for the last thirty years. She had been helpless from paralysis for many months before her death.

One reads of great artists who, by a few subtle brush-strokes, can command the price of a mediocre's best painting; but for an author, careless pen-dashes seldom bring such rich rewards. Miss Mary E. Wilkins, however, possesses the happy faculty of quickly scribbling down in half an hour, on odds bits of paper, quaint and charming jingles that bring her hundred-dollar checks from publishers.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has lately taken a trip to the Pacific coast under especially favorable circumstances. A private car was put at her disposal and she was attended by a skilful traveling companion. The object of her journey was a visit to her youngest son, Herbert Beecher. Although Mrs. Beecher is between seventy and eighty years of age, her complexion is as delicate as that of a child, and her dark eyes and abundant snow-white hair add to her comeliness.

A good story is told of M. Taine. Max Muller, it is said, went to the dining-room of a hotel in Oxford, and there saw Taine with a dish of roast beef and vast quantities of buttered toast. The learned German was surprised at the combination and at the large quantities of the toast. "Is that a French dish?" he asked. "No," said Taine, "but they keep on bringing it to me, in spite of all I can say to the contrary." "What did you ask for?" observed his friend. "Why," replied Taine, "I keep telling them to bring *potteries*, and each time they bring a fresh dish of toast." M. Taine's pronunciation of potatoes was so much like buttered toast that the astonished waiter could not be blamed.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has an inordinate fondness for snakes, hence her ethereal grace; she studies and copies them, hence the serpentine movements which characterize her. She had a beautiful green snake in Paris which was her model and ideal of perfection and which she imitated, thus developing the stealthy glide which makes one's blood run cold when seen in thrilling situations on the stage. Yes, surely, one can speak of the divine Sarah and of graceful serpents without incongruity. A clever French caricaturist, Caran d'Ache, drew a head of Sarah, and represented the rest of her by a spiral scribble. Could anything better describe this bewitching Cleopatra, who twines her favorite and sometimes badly behaved asp around her throat, as she says, tenderly, "He is so cool, and the sensation is delightful!"

Miss Jeannette Gilder, editor of the *Critic*, and sister of Richard Watson Gilder, is a tall, slender woman, rather masculine in feature, and whether in her editorial chair, on the street, or at home, her severely simple toilets vary but little in color or design. Her trim, compact, dark cloth gowns are usually made with a small coat and vest that open slightly to disclose a bit of white shirt-front, dark satin tie, and high collar, while white linen cuffs encircle her wrists. Rarely are the skirts made with useless and heavy draperies, but hang straight, plain and just clear of the ground. The question of dress reform for business women Miss Gilder has quietly solved for herself without begging any advice of the Woman's National Council that considered the subject with much heated discussion a few weeks ago and came to no satisfactory decision.

The Death of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

In 1862, when civil war was disturbing the United States, the high-handed proceedings of the government of Mexico involved that country in a disturbance with England, France and Spain, who sought reparation for injuries inflicted on their citizens. Reparation was made and the English and Spanish forces retired. The French, however, remained and occupied the country, their occupation dating from June 5, 1863. The archduke Maximilian, brother of



MAXIMILIAN'S LAST MOMENTS.

the emperor of Austria, was invited to assume the office of emperor, and on June 26, 1864, he and his wife, whose melancholy condition since his death has aroused the sympathy of the world, entered Mexico. His government was a wise and liberal one, but he represented clericalism and it was not difficult to incite the populace to revolt against the ruler whose state equipage, the chariot of gold costing many thousands of dollars, was so eminently out of place in a city like Mexico where half the population were freeholders and a large proportion of the other half were mendicants. In the museum, which is one of the chief points of interest in the City of Mexico, this carriage is still on exhibition, reminding everyone who sees it of the folly of the brave and upright man who endeavored to introduce imperial state and to uphold clericalism in a country where every ruler is envied and every manifestation of wealth begets personal animosity. Mexico has a population of some twelve millions, but the country is owned by less than ten thousand people and the imperial state of the new emperor and the overbearing conduct of the clergy combined, made it almost impossible to carry on a government. The United States, in pursuance of what is known as the Monroe doctrine, viewed with alarm the introduction on this continent of the monarchical system, and after their own "unpleasantness" was finished they demanded the withdrawal of Maximilian. In 1866 this demand was made and General Juarez, a full-blooded Indian and one of the cleverest men that Mexico ever produced, was encouraged to lead the revolutionary forces. Through the treachery of Col. Miguel Lopez, Maximilian and two of his generals were betrayed into the hands of the revolutionists, and it is the recent death of the traitor which has suggested this article. Universally execrated, for the past twenty-four years his life has been a miserable one. A couple of weeks ago he passed away and reminded those who are living of the fate of the cause which he originally espoused and so basely betrayed.

Maximilian was invited to surrender and Juarez guaranteed him his liberty if the two Mexican generals who were his comrades were delivered up to him. This offer of safety Maximilian refused, saying that he would die with those who supported him. In his last moments he was brave and cheerful. The illustration which heads this article is the copy of a painting showing his last moments. He was led out to execution and in his last words invoked a fervid blessing on the land which he had come to rule and which had decreed his death. With his death came the overthrow of clerical power, and while one cannot but sympathize with the brave but misguided man who perished twenty-four years ago, those who understand the state of the country must rejoice that liberty of conscience was established and the power of the people demonstrated by what seemed the cruel act of General Juarez, who thereupon became president.

The decree of death is defended by the declaration of Marshal Bazaine threatening death to all Mexicans taken in arms against the emperor. This decree inverted became a declaration of death to all found in arms against Mexico and the popular wish, and the brave archduke fell before the muskets of the Mexican soldiery, as many a brave man did before and has done since. The death of no one ever aroused the sympathy of the world more generally or more justly.

Von Moltke.



HE life of Von Moltke, looked at after his death, is in many respects an extraordinary one. Coming into the world contemporaneously with the birth of this eventful century, it was his lot to live through it until he had past the mile-stone of three score years and ten in a comparatively uneventful manner. He saw Napoleon in the zenith of his power, he saw his defeat and exile, he saw all the many changes which characterized the government of France after Napoleon's death. He saw the German Empire built up from a quarrelsome rabble of petty states. It was his lot to give Empire in

France its deathblow and the Empire in Germany its life, and this after he had lived a man's usually allotted space. Many changes saw he on the map of Europe, all in the direction of a peace and unity among people of one race and language, and he has died at a time when for almost the first time in this century there is universal peace.

He was born in Denmark but was of German descent, the story of his Scotch ancestry being untrue. As a student Moltke laid the foundation of his linguistic achievements, which later on he developed in his travels in the different European countries till he became a linguist of

almost unrivalled powers, speaking and writing with equal facility the German, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Roman, Turkish, Russian and Arabic languages. Early in the year 1822 he entered the Prussian army as sub-lieutenant, and thence he has risen, step by step, till after having been on the general army staff for nearly sixty years, he resigned his position as chief less than two years ago. The only recreation Count Moltke has ever allowed himself was an occasional trip abroad, and the Wanderbuch, Briefe aus Russland, and other volumes are the result of some of his journeyings, from which it appears that if Moltke had devoted himself to literature he would have obtained a high position amongst German men of letters. At the age of forty, when he had been promoted to the rank of captain, he distinguished himself during his campaigns in Asia Minor, and received a jeweled sword of honor from the Sultan of the Sublime Porte, and the proud distinction of the Prussian *ordre pour la merite*. Moltke married an English lady, Miss Burt, the daughter by a first marriage of his sister's husband. After a quarter of a century of happy married life the countess died on Christmas eve, 1868, leaving the childless widower almost crushed with silent grief. At the mausoleum among the trees at Kreislau lie the remains of the countess, and every morning the old count walked to that quiet spot where he also would rest, thinking, before he began the day's work, "the thoughts too deep for words." And in his simple bedroom there hangs a picture of a lady against the wall, and over it bends a small twig of fir, which was renewed from time to time, and this was another sign that the old man still kept the memory fresh, after twenty-two years, of the wife who was also a friend and a helper and on whose tomb the inscription is engraved, "Love is the fulfillment of the Divine Will."

Only two years after the death of his wife the Franco-German war broke out, and no sooner had the terrible words "Krieg, mobil" electrified the whole Prussian army than Moltke laid before the old king a complete plan of campaign, worked out to the minutest details. More silent than ever, but as clear-headed and calm as in the days of his prime, the septagenarian went to the seat of war and there, from his big black horse, telescope in hand, he watched the movements of the army with the same steady eye and motionless features with which he watched the figures on the chess-board when, in the evening, he sat down to his favorite pastime, listening to the music of Mozart and Schubert with the keen enjoyment of a connoisseur. In the terrible battles old King William might be depressed by the roar of the cannon and the sight of the dead and wounded; Bismarck might become uneasy and nervous when some unforeseen movement was made by the enemy; but Moltke never once lost his dignified composure, and watched with straining eyes, and grasped in a single second the slightest change in the aspect of affairs. Nothing could persuade him, on these occasions, to break his silence, though the eyes of the leaders of the army turned often beseechingly towards him. At last Bismarck hit upon a stratagem. He offered Moltke his cigar case and when the cigar was accepted and quietly lit, Bismarck knew that the great strategist's mind was at ease and that the day was won.

After the victory of Sedan and the defeat of the French the negotiations took place at the Chateau Donchery, commencing at ten o'clock that night. The French were represented by General Wimpffen and several other officers, among whom were General Faure, chief of the staff, and General Castelan, an adjutant of Napoleon's, who was specially commissioned to represent the imperial interests. When Moltke and Bismarck, with Podbielski and the other plenipotentiaries arrived, they found the French generals already at the chateau. One of the adjutants, Rittmeister Count Nostitz, was instructed to make a report of the conference. Wimpffen handed his credentials to Moltke and after mutual introductions they sat down, Moltke being Wimpffen's vis-a-vis. For some minutes there was profound silence in the room. Wimpffen would have been glad if Moltke had taken the initiative, but the latter remained characteristically silent. Moltke had discussed the whole position with Bismarck on the way, and could form a fair

The Late Archbishop of York.

The late Right Rev. William Connor Magee, D.D., who died a fortnight ago, and whose portrait is here given, was long famous for the liberality of his views and the broadness of his character. For many years he was Bishop of Peterborough, and it was under this title that he became famous. His Irish wit and epigrammatic sayings made him always popular, and his remark that he "would sooner see Englishmen free than sober" has become a byword.

He was born at Cork in 1821, son of a clergyman, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, gaining a scholarship and subsequent university degrees, prizes and honors. Having taken orders, he held a curacy in Dublin, but ill health obliged him to retire for two years to



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

From Illustrated London News.

Goulburn as minister of Quebec chapel, but was soon appointed to the rectory of Enniskillen by the University of Dublin. In 1864 he became Dean of Cork, and Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin. He was Donnellan Lecturer to his University in 1865 and 1866, an appointment similar to the Bampton Lectureship at Oxford. When in London he was occasionally Select Preacher at St. Paul's, at Westminster Abbey, and at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall; he also preached before the Queen at Windsor. His sermons at the Norwich meeting of the British Association of Science in 1888 on The Christian Theory of the Origin of the Christian Life, and at the Dublin Church Congress of that year, a sermon entitled The Breaking Net, attracted much public notice. It was in 1868, on the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Junne, that Dr. Magee was made Bishop of Peterborough, and he appeared in the House of Lords as an eloquent opponent of the Disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church. Sermons, episcopal charges, and theological treatises bear testimony for his controversial ability, and he was ever active in the many ways open to a prelate of the Church of England.

In January last he was appointed by Lord Salisbury to the vacant office of Archbishop of York, a position which is socially second only to that of members of the Royal family.

idea of what propositions the French commanders could make.

Wimpffen may have had his misgivings on noticing the eloquent silence of Moltke but, recovering himself, he begged to be informed as to the nature of the conditions upon which the King of Prussia was willing to grant a capitulation.

Like a death-knell came Moltke's reply: "The entire French army to surrender arms and be made prisoners, including the officers." Wimpffen thought these conditions too severe, when taking the bravery displayed by his countrymen into consideration, and proposed to give up Sedan with the surrounding batteries, if the army were allowed to leave the fortress with their guns, standards and baggage, on their promising not to resume arms against Prussia, retiring to Algeria or to some part of France which the conqueror should choose, until peace was concluded.

Moltke, however, remained inexorable. It was eleven o'clock a.m. when the capitulation treaty was signed.

The war with France involved a political as well as a military campaign and in consequence was all the more difficult of successful execution. Germany must fall if France succeeded. Germany as an empire was impossible unless the empire of Napoleon was overthrown and the proclamation of the German empire at Versailles was a logical result of Moltke's victories.

Von Moltke then returned to his country estate of Kreislau, in Silesia, where he lived in retirement. He was all his life a man of simple faith and refined tastes, loving the beautiful melodies of his countrymen and the religion of his emperor. He loved peace but believed it to be a beautiful dream. War he thought was an institution of Providence and he said brought out all the best instincts of man, courage, love of country and fidelity to duty. People had wondered in reading his letters from St. Petersburg, written nearly fifty years before, how the lively gentleman who enjoyed life so thoroughly and described it so genially, who basked in the sunshine and abominated cold, who saw and sympathized equally with the emotion of an emperor and the needs of a beggar, who sang like a poet of the babbling brooks and drew like a painter the scenes of foreign lands, who swooned with rapture over the singing in the churches, who was full of quaint humor and did not disdain to criticize the ladies' dresses, could be the stern arbiter of war. And their wonder would have increased if they had seen him, more than ninety years old, at Kreislau, sitting sadly in the gray of the evening at the tomb of his wife and thinking of the days when they read his Letters from Turkey side by side.

Art and Artists.



IN the *Century Magazine* for the current month there is an interesting departure in the reproduction of a large number of artists' sketches and scraps, and a short article on exhibitions of such work. Of a similar character will be the exhibition of the Toronto Art Students' League which takes

place on May 22, 23, 24 and 25. It will take place in the club-rooms, in the Imperial Bank Building, and will be free for all the world. Though the membership does not include such great names as those whose sketches are published in the *Century*, the members are confident of showing work which will compare favorably with them. A special feature will be the exhibit of the N. D. S. L. branch, which mystic

characters, on being interpreted mean, Not a Day without a Single Line. Toronto people at all interested in such matters should not miss this most interesting event.

On Monday next the annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists will be held. I have seen the proofs of the catalogue, which is a genuine work of art. It is bound in boards in two shades of green with gold lettering and an emblematic device in dark green on a light background. The covers are tied with green and rose-colored ribbons and the lithograph illustrations are in many cases beautiful, the letter press is in splendid shape and altogether it is a most beautiful souvenir.

By the way, it was stated in error in these columns a fortnight or so ago that the catalogue of the Woman's Art Club Exhibition was the first illustrated catalogue that had been published in Toronto. I now find that several years ago the Ontario Society had an illustrated catalogue which, however, was not a shining success.

A New York friend writes that "Mr. G. A. Reid's painting, The Other Side of the Question, is now on exhibition at the Academy of Design, New York. It occupies the place of honor on the south wall, being hung in the center of the line. The Other Side of the Question ranks among the best pictures on the walls and is a source of considerable pride to all Canadian visitors to the exhibition." At the same exhibition Mrs. M. E. Dignam's picture, English Wild Flowers, attracts much favorable comment and has been purchased by the famous sculptor now at work on the Beecher monument, John Quincy Adams Ward.

Books and Magazines.

The *Atlantic* for May concludes the late W. D. O'Connor's powerful story The Brzen Andromed. Mr. Stockton continues his amusing serial, The House of Martha, and Miss Jewell's story, A Native of Winby is told in her inimitable manner. Some leaves from An Unpublished Journal of the late R. H. Dana describes the Grand Canal of China. Mr. W. P. Andrews publishes a second paper on Goethe's Key to Faust and Mr. Francis Parkman concludes his account of the Capture of Louisburg. There are many other papers of almost equal interest and the two departments of Book Reviews and Contributors' Club are enjoyable as ever.

Scribner's Magazine for May contains important articles in two notable illustrated series—the first of The Great Streets of the World, and the second of the Ocean Steamship articles. A. B. Frost has made eighteen drawings for the Broadway article, which are as complete an interpretation of the varied life of that thoroughfare as Richard Harding Davis' picturesque and vivid text. The May number is noteworthy in fiction, containing the conclusion of the much-praised serial, Jerry, and the first of a two-part story, An Alabama Courtship, by F. J. Simson ("J. S. of Dale"), the author of *Guernsey*, and *First Harvest*. In addition there are two complete short stories—A Fragment of a Play, by Mary Tappan Wright, who wrote that weird tale, A Truce; and A Toledo Blade, by T. R. Sullivan, author of The Lost Rembrandt and other short stories which have appeared in this magazine. There are also a short illustrated article by E. H. House, on the Japanese Temples of Ise, which for nearly two thousand years have been re-created in every detail, at intervals of twenty years; a carefully prepared paper on Shakespeare as an Actor—a phase of his career which is generally overlooked; and a brief and amusing essay on Dream-Poetry, with curious examples of verses composed in dreams. The frontispiece is A. B. Frost's faithful sketch of the crowded Twenty-third street crossing of Broadway where it is intersected by Fifth avenue.

Messrs. Williamson & Co. have published a pamphlet by Mr. Quetton St. George on Horse-breeding in Canada. Hardly sufficient space is devoted to the Trotting Horse, which is and must continue to be the best line for breeding purposes in Canada. The object of the writer is good, however. He makes a plea for the breeding of better stock and the doing away with the "scrub" stallions scattered in such great numbers over Ontario.

A Bar of Melody.

By MARJORIE MACMURCHY.

The morning breeze from the lake lingered on the shady western veranda of the hotel. The dewy freshness that it had borne at dawn had been quite driven away by the sun, but there was not a more pleasant spot round or near Lake House than the western veranda. That was why Mrs. Bewick and Mrs. Erroll were sitting there just then as they had been every morning that summer. Mrs. Erroll was knitting some lace after the pattern that she had learned from Mrs. Hoffman, the lady who knew so many new things in the way of fancy work. Mrs. Erroll had been remarking on this to Mrs. Bewick. "Quite wonderful, my dear, I assure you."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bewick, turning a page of her novel, "no doubt there is good reason for it."

Mrs. Bewick possessed in a remarkable degree the art of conveying hidden meanings in words which seemed to mean nothing. "Do you really think so?" I had not dreamed of that," said Mrs. Erroll, glancing with admiration at her friend.

They had gone to school together long ago and knew each other as women do under these circumstances. No one could discern Mrs. Bewick's dark sayings as Mrs. Erroll could. Mrs. Bewick herself never did fancy work of any kind. If her hands did not hold a book, as was generally the case, they were lying clasped or folded in her lap. Her feet rested on a cushion and a handsome shawl or rug was thrown across her knees. Besides these, one or two more cushions, a silver smelling bottle, a scented lace handkerchief and a pair of handied eye glasses were elegantly disposed near her.

"There they are again!" exclaimed Mrs. Erroll after an interval of silence.

Mrs. Bewick laid down her novel and raised her eye glasses. A young lady and gentleman came through the wide hall and walked leisurely down the steps.

Neither lady spoke but watched them intently until they were a short distance from the hotel.

"Very devoted," murmured Mrs. Erroll with a slight sneer. "I suppose it will be announced soon."

"How afraid she is of getting sunburnt! I have not seen her leave the house this summer, except in the evening, without a pair of gloves on and her parasol up."

"She would burn dreadfully if she didn't, she is so fair."

"But without any color. Just like her mother, you remember."

"Yes; always looked washed out."

"Her hair as well. I never liked that pale gold color."

"Nor I; and I'm sure I don't see how anyone can admire her mouth. And she nearly always dresses in black."

"She knows how to dress. She understands perfectly what shows her off best."

"Don't you think she's too thin?"

"Yes, but for all that she's a pretty girl."

"Oh, decidedly so—quite the best-looking here this summer."

"I consider it outrageous the way they have behaved."

"Quite a new thing for Mildred Lacy, but I suppose her head was turned by his admiration, like every other girl has been."

"Ah, yes! Do you remember what happened three years ago?"

"About Alice?—yes, indeed."

The ladies glanced uneasily about them and lowered their voices.

"They say it was dreadful the way she went on afterwards."

"Did you ever hear exactly how it happened?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dewar told me herself."

"Of course. They had to say something."

Mildred Lacy and George Fellis had reached the wharf by this time. He sprang lightly into a boat and after making it ready stood looking up with his arms extended to lift her down.

Mildred seemed to object for a moment and so they stood in full view of the ladies on the western veranda.

"Mildred and Alice used to be great friends."

"Yes, I suppose she has forgotten."

"I call it indecent," said Mrs. Bewick, shutting her glasses with a snap. "I wonder what my mother would have said if I had gone rowing with a young man whose arms were bare up to his shoulders."

"I should think so; but he's so handsome, I don't blame the girl altogether."

"Not now, but something may happen yet."

"Do you think so?"

"I do. Did you ever know George Fellis stay in love with the same girl longer than one season?"

They were seated in the boat now, and George leaning forward with his eyes fixed on Mildred's face, said:

"Where shall we go?"

"Up the river, it's insufferably hot on the lake."

"And the glare would hurt your lovely eyes and burn your pretty skin."

"Of course, said Mildred, "I thought of that, and there happens to be a water lily up the river which you promised to get for me."

Her voice lingered on "promised" as if she would call his attention to it, and lifting her downcast eyes she looked full into the handsome face in front of her.

He flushed slightly and bent still nearer her. "I always keep my promise to you."

"So far," she said, laughing lightly.

"And always will. Try me and see."

She looked at him again. "I am afraid," she said and dropped her eyes.

"So you should be of me Mildred."

She blushed faintly and tried to hide it by pulling down her parasol.

He laughed and taking the oars began to row with long, easy strokes.

Mildred leant back against her white shawl and watched the shore they were passing from under cover of her parasol, with now and then a glance at the rower in the boat beside her.

The muscles played underneath the smooth brown skin. His arms were strongly moulded. His neck was firm and round. The dark hair fell over his forehead and almost met thick black brows. His eyes never left her face. She must feel that long, ardent gaze, but the girl never flinched, did not seem to notice it.

The boat neared a little cove and all at once when they reached the shore, shot into a silent, shady stream. Unlike the lake the water was brown and still. Where the sun beams touched the surface they quivered down in golden lights till they were lost in the brown depths. Trees grew on either side close to the water's edge and flung long, drooping branches over the stream.

George Fellis rowed more slowly. Mildred shut her parasol and laid it across her lap. She wore long, yellow gloves that wrinkled and folded round her wrists and were drawn over the sleeves of her dress. The soft glow around them lighted up her pensive face and played lovingly on her hair. Round the bend of the stream the sharp, narrow bow of the boat cleft its way and they were floating in a pond surrounded with the floating pads of water-lilies. George shot the boat close to the bank and, dropping his oars, plunged his arms into the water. White cup after cup with its heart of gold he pulled and flung into the boat.

"Here's the best yet; fasten that in your dress, Mildred."

The long, twining culling stems lay in the bottom of the boat. They had drifted under a bough covered thick with leaves. The end of the bough touched the water and the tiny, rippling waves from the boat made the leaves play and dip in the stream. The water shone green with the shadows from the trees and the lily pads. Soft, golden green lights filtered through the branches overhead.

The quiet stream and the silent woods were musical with such sounds as the tinkle of fall-

ing water, the twitter of contented birds and the plash of something falling into the river or the tap of something dropping in the woods.

George Fellis stopped pulling the lilies, and clasping his hands idly in front of him, again fixed his eyes on Mildred's face.

She had fastened the lily he had given her in her dress, and now she held another in her hand. As she touched the petals with delicate fingers she began to hum a wandering air.

"That's a pretty thing. What is it? It seems to me that I have heard it before."

"I shouldn't wonder," she said, and lifted the first few bars. "Do you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Do you remember Sweet Alice?"

He drew down his black brows and looked at her heavily, but she played with the lily and did not even look up.

It was too gentle a face to cover any evil design, he thought.

"You and I have got on very nicely this summer, Mildred."

She looked up now and lifted her brows in astonishment.

"Why, of course. What else should we do? Do you want to quarrel?"

"I shall never want to quarrel with you."

"Don't be too sure," she laughed, playing with the lily and breaking again into half-murmured song. "Do you remember—"

"Never mind that lily, give it to me and stop singing, I want to talk to you."

He bent forward and caught her hand. "Give me the lily, Mildred."

"No, it's spoilt. I've handled it too much, good-bye lily." With a quick turn of her wrist she threw it into the quiet water.

"You must always do what I tell you," he said, shaking her hand slightly.

"Of course," she answered with a glance.

"Mildred, do you love me?"

"Why do you want to know?" she asked coyly.

"I need hardly ask, need I?" he said, laughing and bending towards her.

"No," she answered, softly.

"Mildred," he said and caught her hands.

She turned away her face and sang softly, "Do you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

"Stop that, be quiet," and he flung her hands from him.

"Are you angry with me?"

"Yes."

"Then we'd better go back. It's time anyway. I promised to be back when the noon boat came in."

He looked sullen and sulky.

"Well, you won't then, I am not going to row you."

"Very well, land me and I will walk."

"No, I won't."

With a sudden shove they were in the middle of the stream and began to drift down with the

He stared at her and said nothing.

"Row me to the wharf."

"Not much."

"The people on the steamer have their glasses out watching us."

He glanced over his shoulder, took the oars and rowed savagely.

"Do you remember Sweet Alice?" She sang over and over again with a placid face and smiling lips.

"Stop," he muttered, stop. "I'll make you."

"How? I can swim if you throw me into the water and all the people on the wharf can see."

They reached the wharf. A gentleman who seemed to be waiting for them took the rope and fastened it. How Mildred's eyes were shining! Her cheeks were flushed.

"Come," he said, holding out his hand.

She sprang out lightly.

"Here's a lily for you," she said, pulling the one from her dress.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Fellis," she called back to him smiling, and walked away towards the hotel leaving George in the boat.

He gathered up the lily pads and buds and threw them into the water. One of the stems twined around his hand and touched his arm. He threw it off with a curse. It was like the touch of a timid cold hand. It fell into the water with a splash and the ripples eddied into the shape of a face, that face that he saw so often.

"Do you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Do you remember Sweet Alice?" rang in his ears, and a plaintive voice that went with the face kept saying, "George, dear George."

"So she was engaged after all," said Mrs. Bewick lifting her glasses. "I shouldn't wonder if—"

"Yes, indeed, I think so too. You remember they were great friends."

How the Spook got its Work In.

About midnight on the 20th of April, 1883, Dr. Howland, a physician of San Francisco, suddenly awoke and was surprised to see the form of a man by his bedside. He rose to a sitting posture and asked the intruder what he wanted, though not without some misgivings. The midnight intruder of his chamber was a tall, slim person. By the light of the moon the doctor could see that his features were sharp and his hair black. His eyes shone with a strange luster and the whole face bore a resemblance in the imperfect light that sent a chill over Dr. Howland. "I am H. Harder," said the intruder, smiling. It was anything but a comforting reply to the doctor. A stranger appearing by his bedside at midnight and bearing a great resemblance, as far as the darkness would allow, to H. Harder, and de-

Have you ever visited the asylum at Stockton? Have you ever passed along the many corridors and seen the wild, mad faces look out from behind iron bars—seen the imprisoned souls look out through wild eyes that are expressionless or expressive of horror—the windows of overthrown minds? If you have you cannot fail to have noticed a small, classical-looking man, whose face bears a set expression of horror. His thin features tell of his suffering. He is always struggling with some imaginary terror. He shrieks wildly as if in intense agony, and often falls to the floor in a fit. Sometimes days pass and he appears all right. Then suddenly a look of unutterable terror comes over him and one of his fits begins. In his calmer moments he looks at one pleadingly and begs pitiously to be killed and put out of his suffering. His case is said to be hopeless, and he will soon expire in one of his awful fits. That man is Dr. Howland.

How to Get a Cheque Cashed.

First get your cheque. Then, if you are so unfortunate as to find yourself in a place where you have not a bosom friend who is on equal and intimate terms with the bankers: Perform some startling deed to bring your name to public notice: Upon the strength of which secure an introduction to the teller or cashier: Through whom procure admission to the banker's family, and if possible marry his daughter: And finally, bring letters of introduction and what available friends and relatives you may have to testify to your habits of honesty, industry and sobriety; and if your man is a good-natured fellow and happens to be in a happy mood he may give you your money—for a consideration.—Puck.

The Darwinian Boy.

In New York there is a fourteen-year-old boy of a very studious and scientific turn of mind who has lately been reading Darwin. Not only has he espoused the doctrines of the great thinker, but he has gone over to them with the whole of him—gone over so completely that he won't make a friend out of one of his school-mates who doesn't profess the same utter faith in the evolutionary doctrine.

A few days ago he came home from an entertainment at the house of a friend in great wrath as to his own mind and with the wrath of all his young brothers and sisters visited upon him. His sister, Edith, declared without reserve that he had "perfectly disgraced the whole family with his old Darwinian ideas."

"I just hate to go anywhere among boys and girls with Jamie, anyway," she explained:

Trouble Below.

Arch Imp.—These nineteenth century innovations threaten to ruin our business!

Ordinary Devil.—What is going wrong?

Arch Imp.—What novelties have we to show a man who comes to us from a crematory—Life.

Unreasonable.

She—I really don't think it was nice of you to borrow money of papa so soon after we became engaged.

He (greatly surprised)—Why, you are the first girl who ever objected to it in all my experience!—Munsey.

Would Suit His Purpose.

Charitable Person (bestowing some clothing)—I'm sorry that overcoat is too small for you, but—

Bummy the Tramp—(eagerly)—No matter, boss; it's just as good to pawn it—Puck.

The Worm Turned.

"That was hard luck Sarah Bernhardt had the other day."

"What was it?"

"Why, in the last act of Cleopatra, her asp got angry and hissed at her till she had to leave the stage."—Puck.

Her Cruelty.

Miss Caustique—I hear you won the 440 yards run.

De Boaster—Oh, easily. The other fellows weren't in it.

Miss Caustique—Ah, you were the only one entered, I presume.

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ACHES

Aches they would be almost useless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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lary current. She sat and looked at him silently, holding him quiet with the spell of her eyes.

"Aren't you going to speak to me again?" she said softly. "Here's a lily for you."

She held it out with a mocking smile. He took it and pressed it to his lips.

"Mildred, what kind of a ring would you like to have?"

"You have selected one often enough to know."

"Confound you! You are a witch," he cried and began to row rapidly.

When they reached the lake and flashed into the sudden sunshine he dropped his oars and said:

"How pretty you are, Mildred. I couldn't half see back there. Give me a kiss."

"Keep back," she said. How hard her voice sounded.

"It's hard lines if a fellow can't kiss the girl he's engaged to."

"All the other girls have let you, I suppose, but I'm not engaged to you."

He stared at her.

"Not engaged to me! What do you mean?"

"What I say. I am not engaged to you nor am I going to be."

"Why not?"

"Because I am engaged to a gentleman whom you do not even know."

"For the matter of that I am engaged, too," he said, braggingly.

"I have no doubt. Do you always use the same ring? It must be very expensive to buy a new one every time."

"What a sharp tongue you have, Mildred," he said, laughing uneasily. "I'll buy you any kind of a ring you want."

"You are very generous."

"You aren't engaged to anyone else. You can't fool me. Why must I marry me. What would people say?"

"That I wouldn't have you, that there was one girl who could live without loving you, that you had met your reward at last."

His face was crimson. On the hot noontide air came the pulsing of a steamer making for the wharf ahead of them.

"You never wore a ring."

"I did not."

"Why I'd like to know!"

"Because I did not want you to know that I was engaged."

"Very honorable that."

"I did not think you had enough honor to see it."

He smiled at her and then leaned forward and touched her dress.

"I am awfully fond of you, Mildred, I am really, and people would talk so."

"Don't touch me. Honor or not I've done what I wanted to. Who are you to talk of honor? Do you remember Alice Dewar? That's why I did it. You killed her. She was like a sister to me."

Her eyes flashed fire at him. He sat trembling with rage.

"I despise you. Marry you!" she laughed a short hard laugh.

claring himself to be that person, when H. Harder had been dead a week.

He overcame all fears, however, and replied: "H. Harder is dead. What do you want? You are an impostor."

"I am dead," replied the figure. "Heaven, what a death I had! You shall know suffering as I know it. It was your fault."

The doctor had edged over to the other side of his bed and, letting a hand fall over the edge to the ground, had grasped one of his heavy shoes. With all his strength he brought his hand round and hurled it at the head of the intruder and he saw, as it left his hand, that his aim was good. Then he heard it crash against the wall at the other side of the room. Merciful God! It had passed through his head! Another cold chill shook him from head to foot, but he overcame his fears. He was materialistic in his beliefs. Thoroughly convinced that he was the victim of an illusion, he attempted to rise. Some strange power held him down. He struggled and fell back in a deep slumber.

When he awoke it was pitch dark and he was cold. His limbs were stiff, as though he had lain a long time and the bed was hard and uncomfortable. He tried to turn over. Heavens! Some board was above him! He couldn't. What was the meaning of this? He felt with his hands on either side. They too, encountered a board. He shuddered. A strange fear crept over him. He felt again, tried to rise again, with the same result. Frantically in agony he struggled and a cold sweat broke out all over him. Then he lay back again, panting and trembling like an aspen leaf. His heart throbbed like an engine. He was powerless with horror as the awful truth suggested itself to him.

He was buried alive! Above him was six feet of soil! Great drops of perspiration rolled off as he set his arm against the smooth roof and pushed. It was glass. It broke and he felt the damp earth. Then he faintly.

He opened his eyes. They encountered the gaze of the lustrous black orb of his chamber's midnight intruder. By the clock at the other side of the room he saw that he had been asleep but a few moments. A cold sweat was all over him. He felt exhausted as from violent physical exertion.

"You have suffered what I suffered," said the demon, "and you shall suffer again. Fifty times you shall bear what I bore. In my coffin when I woke I swore that when my spirit was freed I would return to earth, seek out the man who was to blame for my being buried alive and make him suffer fifty times. I have returned. You are the man. You pronounced me dead. You signed my death certificate. Though I disappear from sight, yet I am present. You will not see me again, but you will feel— you will feel."

The figure faded. Gradually objects at the other side of the room became visible through it, and soon it was gone. The doctor sprang from his bed, his eyes wild with terror, and throwing open the window looked out into the calm moonlight. Was it all a dream? Heavens, how real it had been!

"he's so lofty and superior, and he says girls are no good. But I took him 'round last night and I introduced him to all the nice girls, and by and by I noticed that he didn't seem to be getting on with them very well, and so I just sneaked up behind him when I saw Percy presenting him to a lovely girl, and, do you believe, that horrid prig, as soon as Percy went away, turned round and asked her if she believed the Darwinian theory, and she said she didn't know what it was, and he said 'I won't talk to a girl that doesn't know what the Darwinian theory is,' and walked away. And I found out afterward that he'd asked the same question of every girl just as soon as he was presented and—"

"And there wasn't one of 'em that knew enough to believe it," bawled out Jamie. "And I said a pack of girls was no good. Why one of 'em asked me if it had anything to do with the grin, and another one thought it was about baseball."

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To Be Locally Applied.

Wool—Bronson has gotten himself into a nice scrape; taken a contract to build a sewer, and doesn't know the first thing about the work.

Van Pelt—That's no matter; the loafers who will hang around will tell him how it should be done.—Munsey's.

Obliging.

The Baron—And can I assist, mademoiselle? Miss Liberty—Certainly. Help me on with my rubbers. Never mind taking off your gloves, I don't care whether you soil the rubbers or not.—Munsey's.

A Reasonable Proposition.

Bragg (pompously)—Sir, I am a self-made man!

Flagg—I dare say. You look like the kind of a man you'd be apt to make.—Life.

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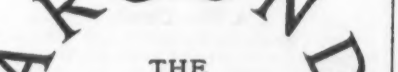
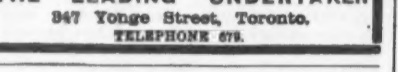
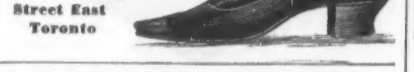
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Freehold Loan and Savings Company

DIVIDEND 63

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the Company, Church Street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to 30th May inclusive. Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the Company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m. on Tuesday, June 2, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc. By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager

SANTLEY'S FAREWELL

CONCERT

MRS. ANNA BURCH

Prima Donna Soprano, and other artists will appear

Tuesday, May 19, in Horticultural Pavilion

Admission 50c. Reserved seats 75c. and \$1.

Plan opens at Northumberland's 10 a.m., May 13.

W. H. FAIRBAIRN, Secretary.

CONTINENTAL TOUR

A party of ladies have decided upon a three months' trip to Europe under the guidance of Miss Hill. Two or three more could be accommodated. Immediate application advisable. Address MISS H. M. HILL, 148 Carlton Street, Toronto.

MISS HOLLAND

Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking

112 Yonge Street

Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morrison & Co.

Fathers - -

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- - Mothers

Maybe that boy of yours would be the better of a new suit of clothes? If so, no better place than this to supply the want.

With stock large and styles the newest, selection should be easy here.

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It is only necessary to draw attention to the fact that our new establishment is situated (though not on what is called the main streets) in the most public and best known locality in Toronto, being directly opposite the Grand Opera House, Adelaide Street West, only a few doors from Yonge Street, and as the firm is as well and favorably known it only requires the name of

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